



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

18447

15.100

18447.15.100

Harvard College  
Library

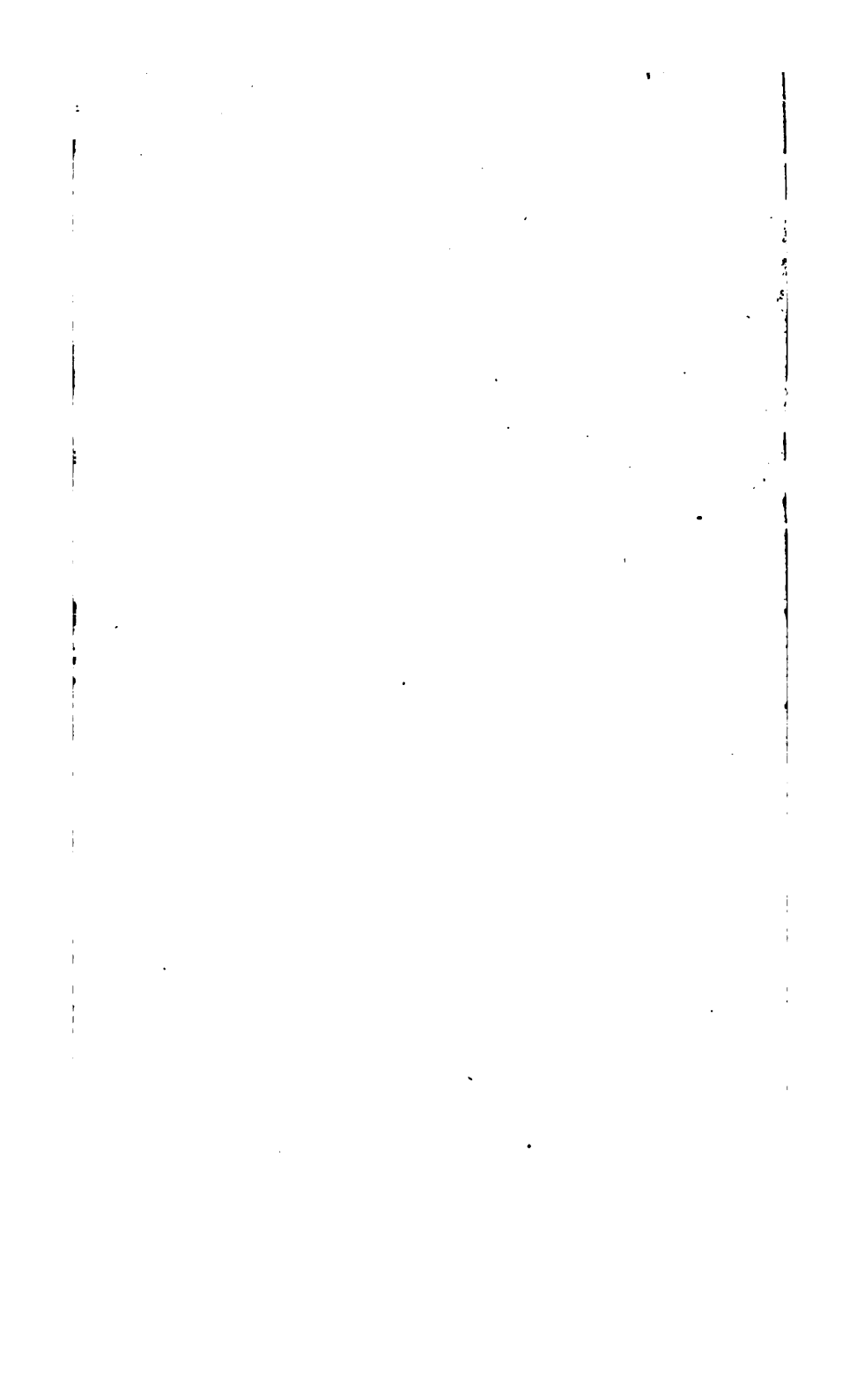


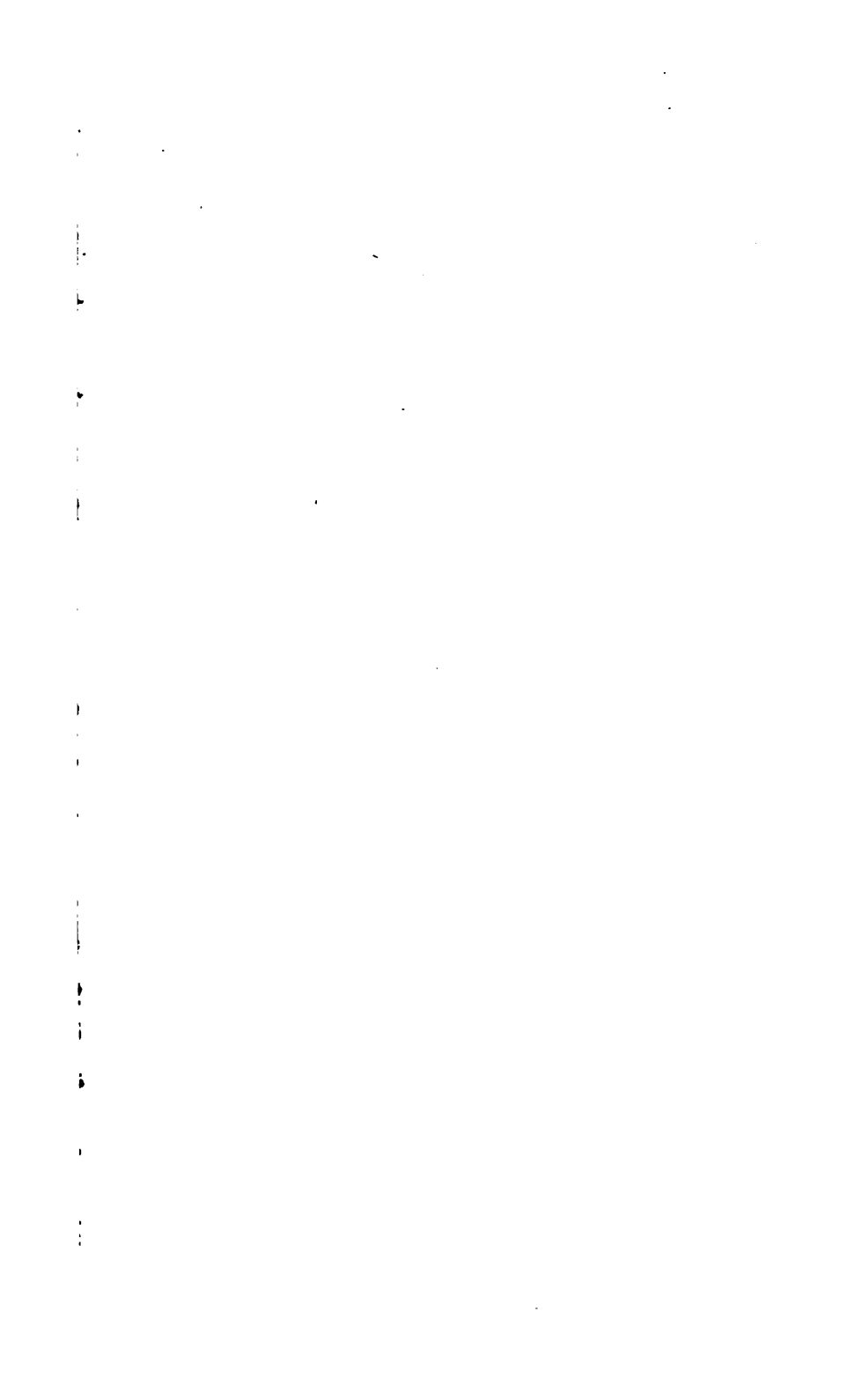
FROM THE BEQUEST OF  
SAMUEL SHAPLEIGH

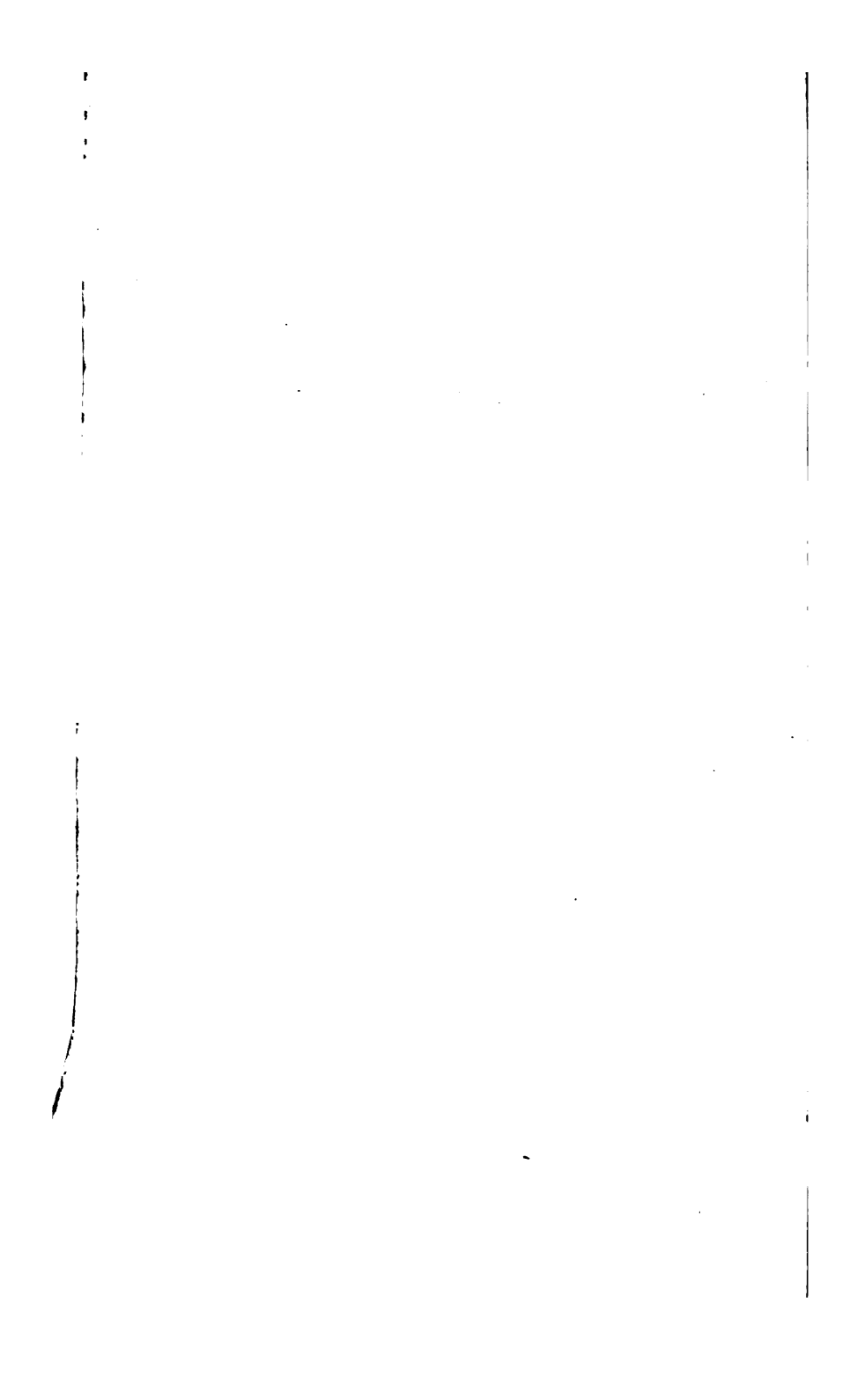
CLASS OF 1789

LIBRARIAN OF HARVARD COLLEGE  
1793-1800

Northwich.







**THE**  
**SACRED MINSTREL.**





**THE**  
**SACRED MINSTREL,**

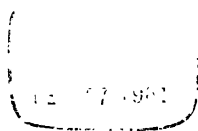
**BY**  
**J. H. RICKETT.**

**SECOND EDITION.**

**EVESHAM;**  
**PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY GEORGE MAY.**

**1830.**

18447.15.100



TO  
THE REV. JOHN SHAW, M. A.

VICAR OF BENGOWORTH, WORCESTERSHIRE,

THIS VOLUME  
IS  
MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

AS A SMALL,

BUT

SINCERE EXPRESSION OF RESPECT

AND ESTEEM,

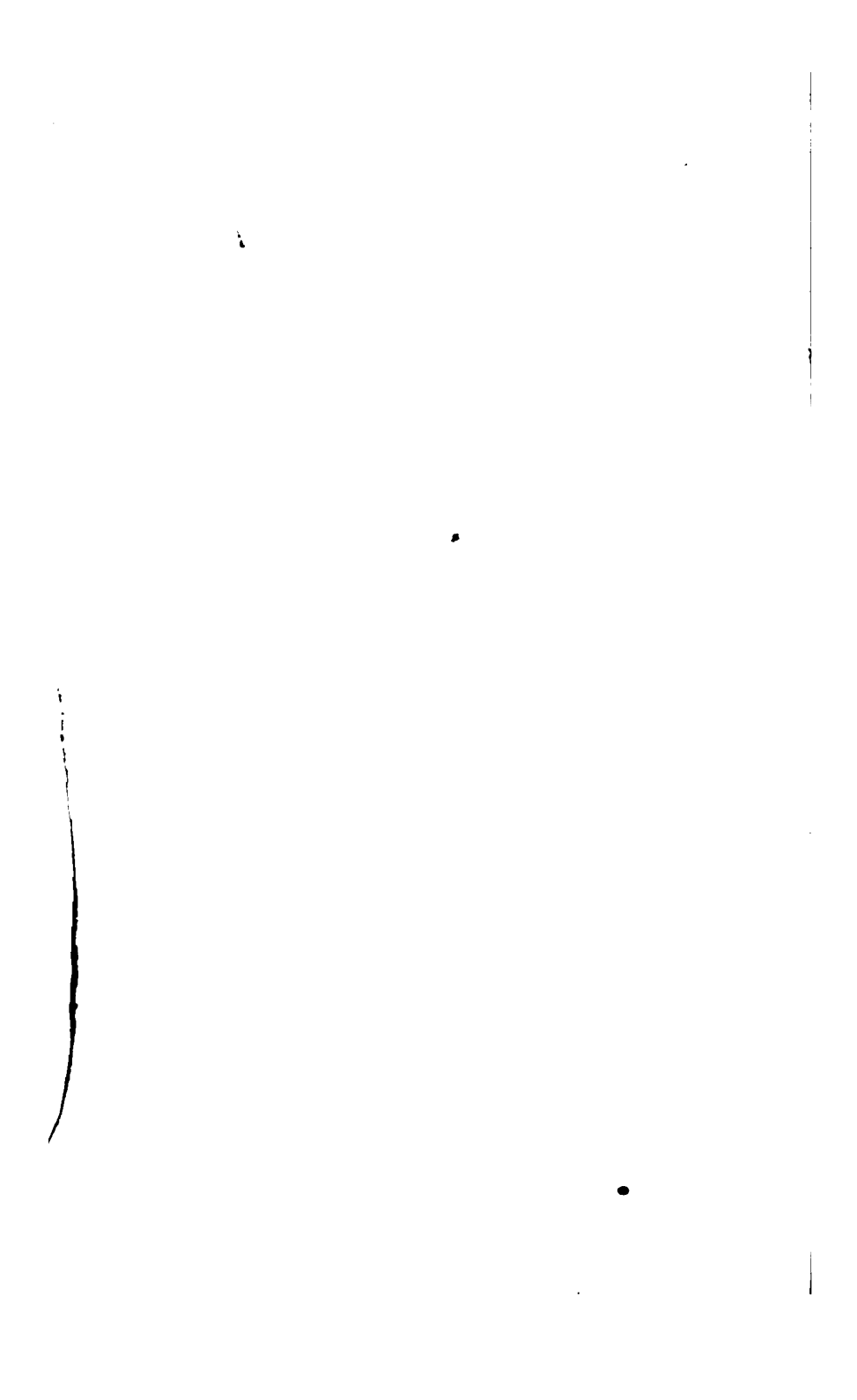
BY

HIS VERY OBLIGED AND GRATEFUL

SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

•



## P R E F A C E.

---

**T**HE first edition of this volume, was published during the Author's minority, under the title of "ATTEMPTS IN VERSE." It is now offered to the Public considerably enlarged and improved. He thinks it necessary to inform his readers, that the following poetical effusions, are the productions of uneducated youth. His design in publishing these productions, is to assist him in the prosecution of his studies. Those

topics in the ~~first~~ part of the Poem on Eternity, which are so ably discussed by Milton, the Author has treated but briefly. As they naturally arise out of the subject, they could not be neglected; but he has studiously avoided any similarity of idea or expression; therefore hopes the analogy of the subjects will not incur the charge of plagiarism. The miscellaneous pieces were written when very young, but as they are among his minor productions they are inserted here. He thinks it superfluous to make any farther introductory remarks, as he trusts his youth and the disadvantages he has laboured under will be duly considered.

THE AUTHOR.

## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE.
Eternity, a Poem in Three Parts.—Part I. ....	7
Part II. ....	37
Part III. ....	75
Anticipation .....	127
On the Omnipotence of God .....	129
Sonnet to the Nightingale .....	132
Frienship, an Ode .....	138
The Field of Battle, a Sonnet .....	136
On the Omnipresence of God .....	137
Victory .....	140
On the Omniscience of God .....	143
Meroy .....	145
Sonnet, Addressed to my Sister Ann .....	151
On the Love of God .....	152
Sonnet, Written at Midnight .....	154



On the Providence of God .....	1.
Misfortune .....	1.
On the Holiness of God .....	10
To the Deity .....	10
On the Justice of God .....	10
Stanzas Addressed to a Christian Missionary .....	15
Spring, a Sonnet .....	15
Summer, a Sonnet .....	15
Autumn, a Sonnet .....	15
Winter, a Sonnet .....	15
Hymn of Praise .....	15

---

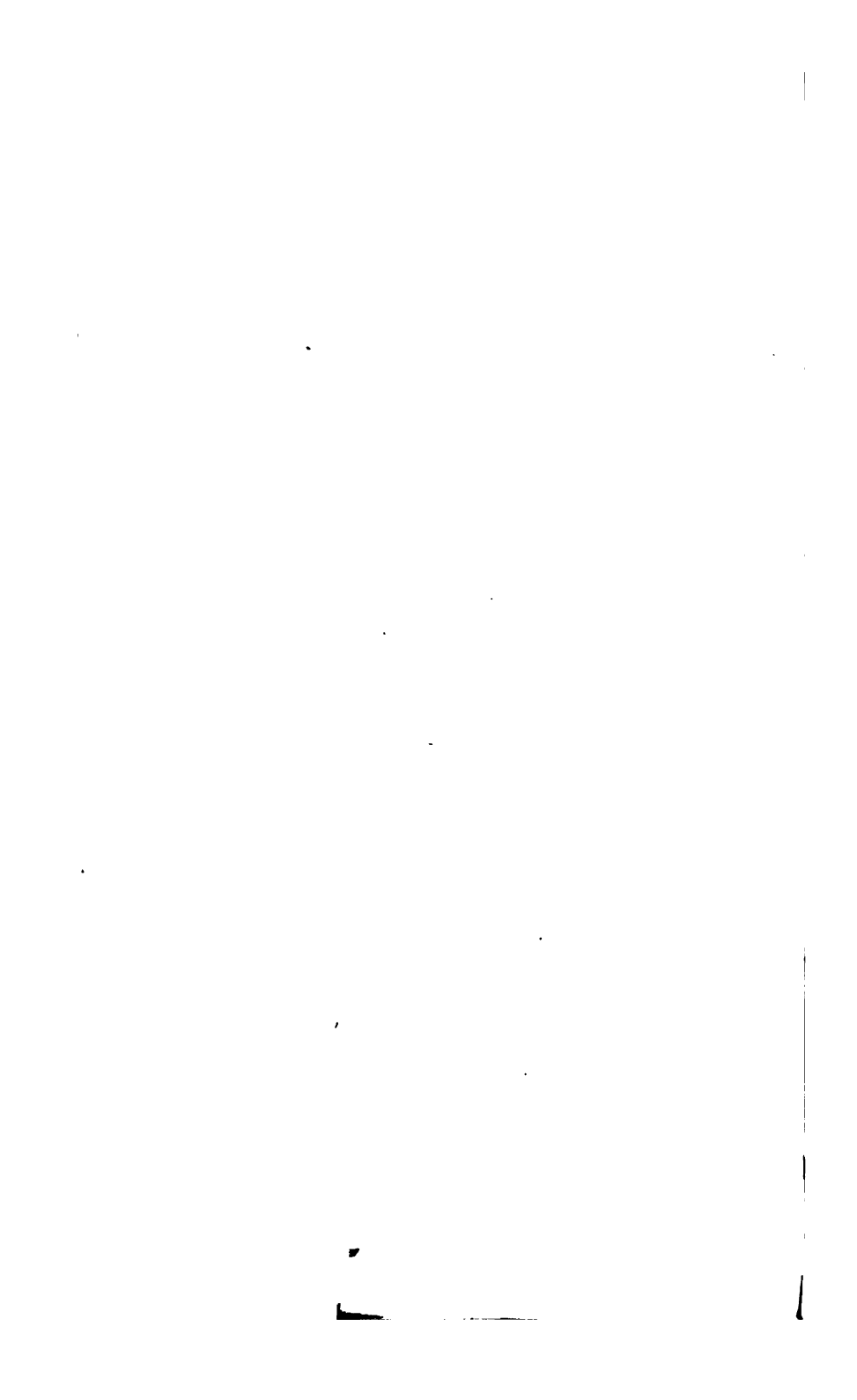
**ETERNITY,**

**A POEM,**

**IN THREE PARTS.**



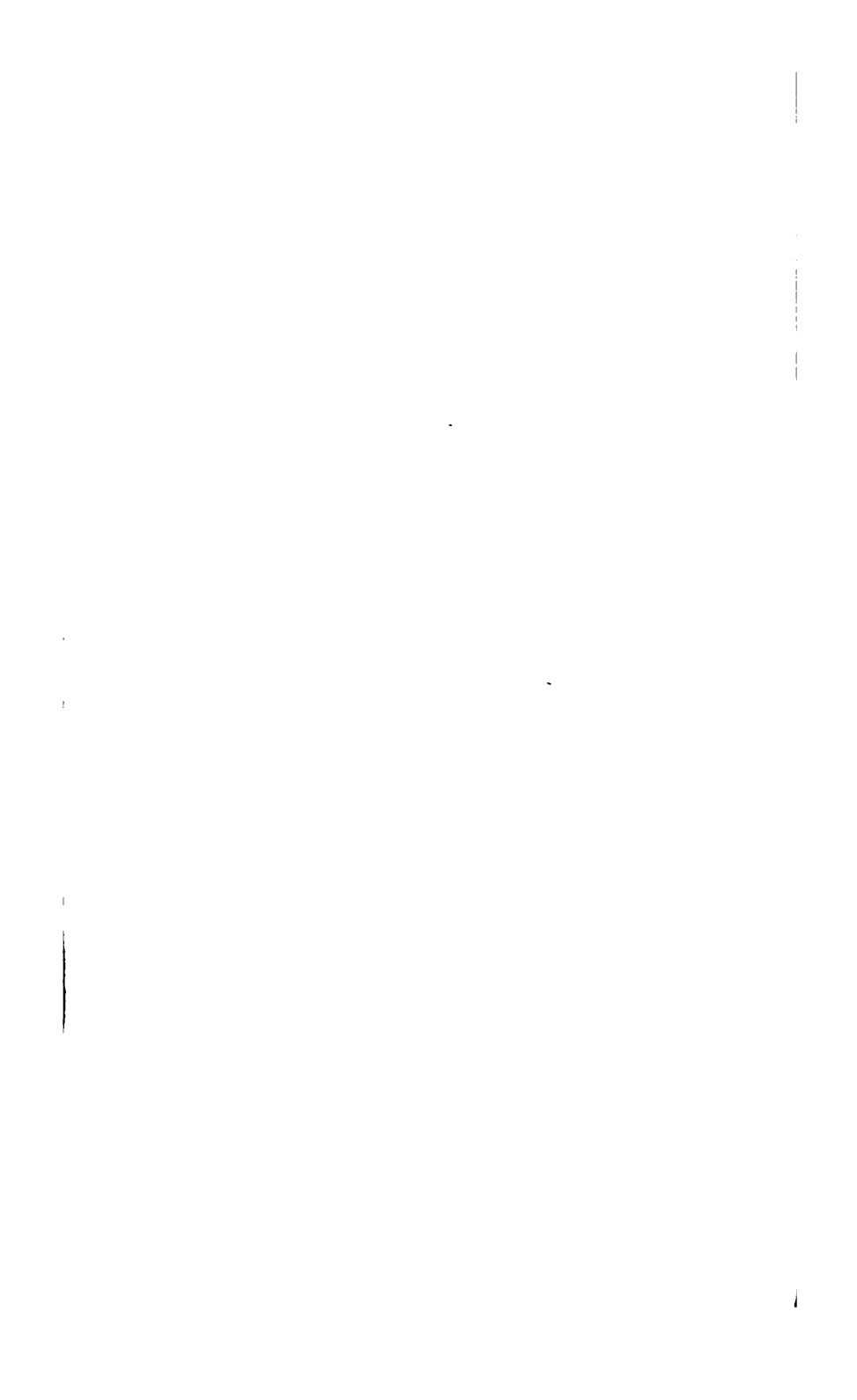
## **PART I.**



## ANALYSIS OF PART I.

---

Announcement of the subject—Address to the votaries of Pleasure—Invocation to the Spirit—Subject resumed—The pre-existent Eternity—A contemplation of the Deity—Creation of Angels—Angels described—Their different orders—Employment—Address to the Angels—Their rebellion—Expulsion from Heaven—A description of their punishment—The cause of their rebellion—Creation of the World—Beginning of Time—Nothing created but inanimate nature—Reflections—Time described—Creation of Animals—God approves his works—Reflections on the works of God—Creation of our first Parents—Their pristine purity and happiness—The condition upon which they enjoyed the Divine favour—Their disobedience and Fall—The Messiah promised, and the scheme of human redemption unfolded—Their banishment from Paradise—Conclusion of the first Part.



## PART I.

---

I SING Eternity with all its pomp,  
Magnificence, and awe. Mysterious theme!  
Too potent for minds create, unaided  
By Powers ethereal; the mighty subject  
Enchains the Muse and captivates her flight;  
So great, so awful is the theme divine!

Away, ye sons of Pleasure, ye godless,  
Dissipated race; who thoughtless revel  
O'er the midnight bowl and drown your senses  
With the oblivious cup, while Demons laugh



And Angels your awful madness see. Go,  
Join the dance, the Bachannalian song—  
I have no charms for you; the theme I sing  
Is pregnant with all that's solemn, sacred,  
And profound: it awes the hopeless miscreants  
In the Stygian pit, and makes e'en Angels  
Solemn, while men deem it folly to be grave.

'Tis not the Nymphs who haunt fair Tempe's vale  
I now invoke, but Thee, O SPIRIT! whose  
All-discerning eye, beholds at one view  
The mysteries of Eternity. May  
Light from thy glory emanate, and chase  
The dark Tartarean mist, that rests upon  
The soul: give to me sublime conceptions  
Of Thyself, Thy Omnipotence and truth;  
Inspire my song, and teach me how to sing  
Th' exalted theme.

---

I sing Eternity,

Which was, and is, and ne'er shall cease to be.  
 Stupendous theme! how it absorbs the soul,  
 And strikes with awe the meditative mind.  
 Who can explain the vast Eternity  
 That now has roll'd away, and is no more.  
 Think of a world that no beginning knew,  
 But from everlasting was; and how can  
 Finite minds its dark mysterious nature  
 Comprehend? The mighty task defeats our  
 Philosophic skill, and all our labour  
 Proves abortive too. Though inadequate  
 To the flight, on Imagination's wings  
 We mount, and sing th' acts of that mysterious age,  
 The great achievements of Almighty Power,  
 The emanations of His sovereign love,  
 And all the mighty deeds He wrought, before  
 The birth of Time.

Eternity, great Sire  
Of years, no birth-day ever knew; but was,  
When Time his course began. Ere stars glitter'd  
In the throne of Night or ere th' infant Sun  
Spread his golden beams o'er wild creation,  
Eternity, great King of days, revell'd  
In unbounded space and reign'd the monarch  
Of primeval Night. From everlasting  
This great fount of years existed, ere worlds  
In ether roll'd. No Angel can fathom  
Eternity's profound, or mensurate  
The great abyss. Then vain is th' attempt, my  
Youthful Muse, to sing th' immortal theme, but  
While I sing, I feel the subject t' exalt  
My soul.

Eternity, is the temple,  
Dwelling-place, and throne of God. Before

Revolving worlds on their mighty axes  
Turn'd, or ere Angels breath'd empyreal air,  
The EVERLASTING reign'd in cloudless light,  
The Self-existent, Sempiternal God !  
At Heaven's farthest bound He sits enthron'd ;  
Around Him hang clouds of ethereal fire ;  
Beneath His feet the realms of space expand,  
And form the footstool of the Mighty One.  
From His seraphic eyes divinest light  
Proceeds and fills the empyréan. While all  
The vast immeasurable depths of Heaven  
Are full of HIM ! He made the worlds by His  
Creative power ; at His behest, suns lit  
Up their fires ; systems into being roll'd ;  
And all the assembly of stars, bestud  
The ethereal vault.

Ere the world floated  
In Immensity's wide sea, Jehovah

Made th' Angelic host. He spake, and into  
Life countless myriads of celestials  
Sprang, and fill'd th' expanse of Heaven. What period  
In Eternity they were created,  
We cannot now define, since Revelation  
Unfolds it not to Man. Incorporeal  
They are, and viewless; bright essences divine,  
Who were the first inhabitants of Heaven,  
And walk'd those fields of light, ere the spirits  
Of mankind were made. Seraphic flames! swift  
As the wind, they drive their chariots round  
The spacious globe; and dart through air, like beams  
Of lucid light. Vast as their knowledge is,  
'Tis finite; but though they cannot read  
The hearts of men, they seem to know the things  
External which relate to Man, and guide our  
Feet through life's meandering maze. Benevolent  
They are, for love distinguishes each act,

And regulates their flight. When from the hands  
Of their great Original they came, they all  
Rejoic'd to live, for happiness supreme  
Was their's. Immaculate they are, and pure;  
For sinless they were made by HIM who call'd  
Them into life: immortality was  
Upon their nature stamp'd, and they receiv'd  
The signature divine.

Though some of these  
Intelligences in glory shone above  
Their peers, their happiness remain'd the same;  
For Envy cannot reign among the Sons  
Of Light. Before the everlasting throne  
They stand, in order rang'd, and various.  
Some, Principalities and Powers are nam'd;  
Others, Archangels, Dominions, Thrones, are call'd;  
And Cherubim, and Seraphim are those

Seraphic flames, who nearest to the Throne  
Of God reside.

Angels are ministers

Of God; created to perform His will,  
And execute His purposes divine.  
At His feet they stand, His awful mandates  
To obey. Some in th' ambient air encamp,  
As if prepar'd on mighty embassy  
To fly, when the UNSEARCHABLE to some  
Distant spheres their flight appoints; while others  
Form the minstrelsy of Heaven. When Earth came  
From the hands of her great Architect, they  
Together sang, and o'er th' Universe rejoic'd.  
The incarnation of the Son of God  
Foretold, announc'd His name, and office here;  
And when of Mary born, they left the regions  
Of celestial light, to celebrate His

Birth. When the Messiah was by the Spirit  
Led up the rugged hills of Quarantania,  
To be tempted by our great Adversary,  
Angels to Him minister'd; and when in  
Gethsemane He groan'd beneath the load  
Of Man's transgression, they came to solace  
His dejected soul: while on the cross He  
Hung, they wept around; then watch'd the sepulchre  
Where the Saviour lay; and when from the tomb  
He rose, they bore Him to the viewless skies.  
Nor are they less mindful of Salvation's  
Heirs; but round them stand, to guard their feet through  
Earth's dark maze, and ripen them for Heaven. When

Death

Levels his arrows at the Christian's heart,  
'Tis their's at the portals of th' unseen world  
To stand; and when the insatiate monster  
Dissevers with his mighty scythe the thread



Of life, to waft the Spirit up to her  
Native sphere. Again they shall come to Earth  
In flaming myriads from the distant skies,  
When the great ARBITRATOR from His throne  
Descends, to judge in righteousness the world;  
They shall then His flight attend, and some  
With sounding trumpets lead the glorious band.

Divine Similitudes!—made to serve God's  
Purposes below, to be the guardians  
Of immortal men, and judges of the good  
And bad—How came ye 'gainst OMNIPOTENCE  
To rebel? God made you pure, and gave you  
Wills, which made you free. Though created pure,  
'Gainst th' Almighty ye rebell'd, and lost your  
Thrones in Heaven.

With Satan, first, the ruthless war  
Began; who in his heart aspir'd against

The Eternal Power. With him a third part  
Of Heaven join'd in dire conspiracy, and sought  
To subvert the Mount of God. Along one side  
Of Heaven the embattled host encamp'd, arm'd  
With flaming spears and adamantine shields.  
From each mouth issued a burning stream that  
Chang'd the atmosphere of Heaven, and wither'd  
The flowers of Paradise. Soon as Moloch  
The signal gave for war, the fiery host  
Sprang forth; now they impugn'd the Seraphim  
Of light, and war was heard among the Sons  
Of God. So well the rebel armies fought,  
That Michael and his compeers in danger  
Stood. Near to the Throne of God, the Fiend had  
Come; when lo! from the everlasting hills  
Jehovah came, with ten thousand thousand  
Spirits pure, rais'd by His power from nought  
To fill the ranks of those who fell. The Fiend

Beheld the celestial army coming,  
And from the face of God now fled. The Sons  
Of Light pursued the vanquish'd crew, and drove  
Them back until they reach'd the verge of Heaven,  
Then hurl'd them headlong down the awful steep,  
Into the unfathomable gulf beneath.

Through mid-air the rebels pass'd, until they  
Reach'd the infernal gates, which open'd wide  
As Heaven's expanse: down into the abyss  
Of fire they plung'd and Hell with fury boil'd;  
Then on their blasted heads the horrid gates  
For ever clos'd! Now on the prostrate deep  
They lay, agoniz'd with pain excessive;  
They writh'd and turn'd amid the curling flames,  
And sought t' ease their burning pangs, but alas!  
No respite could they find. Th' apostate Fiend  
Mingled his horrid shrieks with the tempest's  
Tremendous howl, and swore eternal war

Against the Throne of God; and all the damn'd,  
Allegiance vow'd to their infernal King!

'Tis strange, that sin in Heaven was born, that in  
Those blest regions, erst, its horrid name was  
Heard among the Sons of Light, whom God made  
Pure and wise and good; bright essences sublime,  
Created like Himself; bright emblems  
Of DEITY! but ah! they fell and lost  
His image fair. Say heavenly Muse what caus'd  
Such ruthless war in Heaven, that Angels 'gainst  
The Most High aspir'd and vainly strove  
The Omnipotent to dethrone? 'Twas pride  
That sought the Infallible to excel,  
Which thrust them out of Heaven, and cast them down  
Into profoundest Hell.

When God had seal'd  
The fate of those who fell, and calm was in

Heaven restor'd, He rose to complete His  
Great design; and out of Chaos rais'd this  
Universal frame. Now the Creator—  
Primordial King! Great Architect divine!—  
On mighty deeds was bent. Behold Him brooding  
On the dark abyss where dread Confusion  
Reigns. But hark! Jehovah speaks. "Let there  
Be light!" the voice of God exclaims; and light from  
The sempiternal source of being sprang.  
Then in the dark regions of old Night, His  
Mighty arm the line of demarcation  
Fix'd; and light, first made by God, divided  
From darkness, that in Chaos reign'd. He spread  
The firmamental arch, and bade Earth on  
Her foundations stand. The Æolian spheres  
His hand in ether hung. He fill'd the Lamp  
Of day with beauteous light; and bade the Seasons  
Rule the varying year.

Thus Began the course  
Of Time ; that space to Man allotted for  
His probation here. Now Earth in all her  
Native beauty, lay like some fair virgin  
At the Hymeneal altar bow'd ; and glitter'd  
In the radiant beams of the new-made Sun.  
Old Ocean roar'd, unheard by human ear ;  
While hollow rocks receiv'd his fearful voice,  
And echoed back the sound. The winged winds  
Rose from their caves, and drove their chariot up  
The mid-way skies ; then like the Fury when  
His anger's spent, came gently down upon  
The dewy heath ; and all the live-long night  
Lay chain'd asleep in craggy rocks, till Morn  
Return'd : then up they rose, as furious  
As before. Now Earth's prime Light from his couch  
Arose ; and like some giant, in his strength  
Rejoic'd. Up the wide circumference he

Drove, until he reach'd Heaven's high altitude,  
When he seem'd to pause and mantle all th' earth  
Below ; then from the topmost pinnacle  
Of the burning skies, his flaming car wheel'd  
Down the blue serene, and on the bosom  
Of the tranquil West repos'd awhile. Next  
The Moon, bright Arbitress of night, arose,  
With all her starry host, and revell'd in  
The deep profound, until returning day  
Burst from the regions of the purple East,  
And chas'd away the sombrous clouds of night.

But ah ! no Poet stood on Ararat's  
Top, to watch the winds in their wild career ;  
To list their moan, as night approach'd ; to hear  
Them whistle o'er the dewy plain, or sing  
Their wild notes on the sacred lyre. No Sage  
In Eden hymn'd his pious orisons

Te the blazing Sun, or watch'd the Moon  
With all her train of worlds. No Bard now sang  
To Earth's great Architect, or told His  
Wonders in immortal verse. No human voice  
Was heard amid the trees of Paradise,  
Nor sound harmonious of birds or beast, 'till  
The close of Time's first week; when Jehovah  
Every creature made, that on Earth is known,  
And last of all His favourite creature Man.

Such was the beginning of primeval Time,  
When Mazzaroth in his own season shone,  
And Pleiades their influence shed below:  
When first Orion pursued his course through  
Dark November's sky, and young Arcturus,  
With all his sons, shone in th' Arctic circle  
Of the snowy North: when burning Phœbus  
Rul'd erst the day, and Cynthia the sable night.



Mysterious subject is the theme of Time!  
E'en Poets, Philosophers and Divines,  
Can depict but faintly this miniature  
Of Eternity. Time is a strait, that  
Joins the two oceans of Eternity,  
The one that's past, and that which is to come.  
Time is old Eternity's fair offspring;  
'Tis Eternity in youth; a link, dropp'd  
From the mighty chain of Ages; a day,  
Cut off from the great Sire of years; a stream,  
From the everlasting source, that flows through  
The maze of generations; then falls into  
The unbounded ocean and is no more!

Now the GREAT INVISIBLE, fish and fowl,  
And cattle made; then sent them forth and bade  
Them multiply on earth. Soon as He spake,  
Old Ocean heard His voice, and duteous

To His high command, brought forth abundantly  
Of every living thing that revels in  
The briny deep. On th' halcyon bosom  
Of the liquid plain, play'd the finny race;  
While Leviathan, monarch of the seas,  
Repos'd in the caverns of the mighty deep.  
When Jehovah spake, Earth heard His voice,  
And every creeping thing produc'd, that throngs  
The forest and the sky-clad hills; with birds  
Of varied kind, and fowl that fly in air,  
Or haunt the desert-gloom.

Nature, now stood  
Complete; the work of Deity alone!  
Creation's Sons, extoll'd the GREAT UNSEEN;  
While from the new-made world, Elysian fragrance  
Stream'd, such as perfumes the fields of Heaven;  
And fruits and flowers, gave the Creator praise.

Then, the great Antemundane Sire, the King  
Eternal! from His lofty throne smil'd on  
Th' infant Universe, and pronounc'd it  
" Good." His all-inspiring look created bliss,  
Such bliss as Angels feel above, who live  
Imparadis'd in Heaven. 'Tis bliss indeed,  
Beneath Jehovah's cloudless smile to live;  
E'en senseless Nature seem'd to feel His glance!

But pause my Muse;—the omnific Word,  
On mightier deeds was bent. He now design'd  
To make a Being like Himself, sinless,  
Immaculate, and pure: a King on earth  
Subordinate, Governor of the world,  
And Lord of the creation. He spake,  
And lo! the likeness of Himself appear'd;  
Then to complete the wonders of His hands,

---

He spake again, and Eve, fairest Mother  
Of our race, came forth to crown the whole.

Immortal Pair ! made in th' image of your  
Great Creator ; with innocence adorn'd,  
In holiness complete, ye stood confess'd,  
Made to commune with old Eternity's  
Great King, and sit in converse with the Sons  
Of Light. Your hearts were pure, unstain'd by sin ;  
Your conscience guileless as unspotted Truth ;  
Your understandings clear, perfect, and good ;  
Your wills subordinate, and from corruption  
Free. And ye were happy too ; for where Sin  
Sways not his iron sceptre o'er the soul,  
There true felicity exists ; present,  
Future, and undying bliss ! Your pleasures  
Then, were pure, and perfect as the Source from  
Whence they sprang : not all the vicissitudes

Of Time, or Providence, or Grace, e'er made  
Them less, or detracted from th' aggregate  
Of your sublimer joys. The smile of Heaven was  
Yours; God's favour, presence, and His blessing  
Too. Communion with th' Author of all bliss  
Ye then enjoy'd, tranquillity of soul,  
Ineffable delights, unfading joys,  
Seraphic love, and Heaven-born peace divine.

In Paradise, God fix'd the happy Pair.  
Where they might dwell, and eat of every fruit,  
Save one; which, if they partook, God's image  
Would from their souls depart, and death ensue.  
By obedience they stood; happiness  
Was theirs and Heaven, while they the sacred law  
Obey'd. Such was the condition, by their first  
Great Legislator made; which if they kept,  
The smile of Heaven secur'd, and Satan's power

Defied; but ah! they fell; the law divine  
They broke, violated and transgress'd. He,  
Who, for impious rebellion 'gainst his  
Creator, was out of Heaven cast, beguil'd  
Angelic Eve, her soul deceiv'd, and with  
Fair Woman then prevail'd. She ate the fruit,  
The interdicted fruit, by God forbad,  
And from her soul His spotless image fled.  
To Adam, then, she gave the poisonous tree,  
Which he partook; like hapless Eve he felt  
Th' inward shock, and with her, lost God's favour  
Too. Justice, Truth, and Holiness, compell'd  
Th' OMNIPOTENT t' execute the sentence  
Dire, pronounc'd on first transgression. But lo!  
Mercy interpos'd, and restoration  
Promis'd, through God's beloved Son, if they  
Repent, and in the promis'd Saviour have  
Implicit faith; who should suffer in the stead

Of Man, and reconciliation make  
'Tween him and God. Jehovah heard fair Mercy's  
Prayer, the sentence dire assuag'd, and promis'd  
The Messiah, who should be of Woman born,  
And bruise the head of Him, who bruis'd His heel.  
When the appointed time arriv'd, He, who  
Was the Father's co-eternal Son, left  
His empyreal throne, and shrin'd His glory  
In corporeal clay, that by the spilling  
Of His blood divine, He might expiate  
Our guilt, and set the mournful captives free.  
The Saviour died! the Christ! the Son of God!  
Upon th' accursed tree: the wrath divine  
Appeas'd, shut Hell's blazing mouth, and open'd  
Wide, the door that leads to Heaven. Here was blood  
Divine, for our original guilt, and merit  
Infinite, for infinite offence. Now  
Jehovah's wrath was calm'd, and Justice too

Was satisfied. Truth, pronounc'd the scheme  
Divine ; and Holiness, unspotted still,  
Adorn'd the sceptre of Almighty Wrath !  
Then God receiv'd the sacrificial blood,  
As one complete atonement for our sins,  
And offer'd life to all, who in this great,  
This universal Sacrifice believe.  
Wisdom Infinite ! which did th' expedient  
Devise, on which God could be just, and yet,  
Repentant Man forgive. Oh Love Divine !  
That did the plan adopt, which Wisdom  
Infinite contriv'd, and from Heaven came, to make  
Atonement for apostate Man.

Now, out  
Of Paradise, God drove the woeful Pair,  
And o'er the massy gates of Eden plac'd  
The mighty Seraphim with flaming sword,



To guard the Tree of Life; so that they could  
No more return: then on they went, and in  
The solitary earth an habitation  
Sought.

Thus have I sang the Eternity  
That's past; the sin of Angels and their fate  
Severe; the varied works of God; the fall  
Of Man and banishment from Paradise.  
Now Time was born, and Nature flourish'd in  
Her maiden youth; the spreading clouds mantled  
The grass-green hills, and veil'd Eternity's  
Bright face; the unseen world now lay conceal'd,  
And not a vestige of the viewless skies  
Was left, for Heaven encircled all.

---

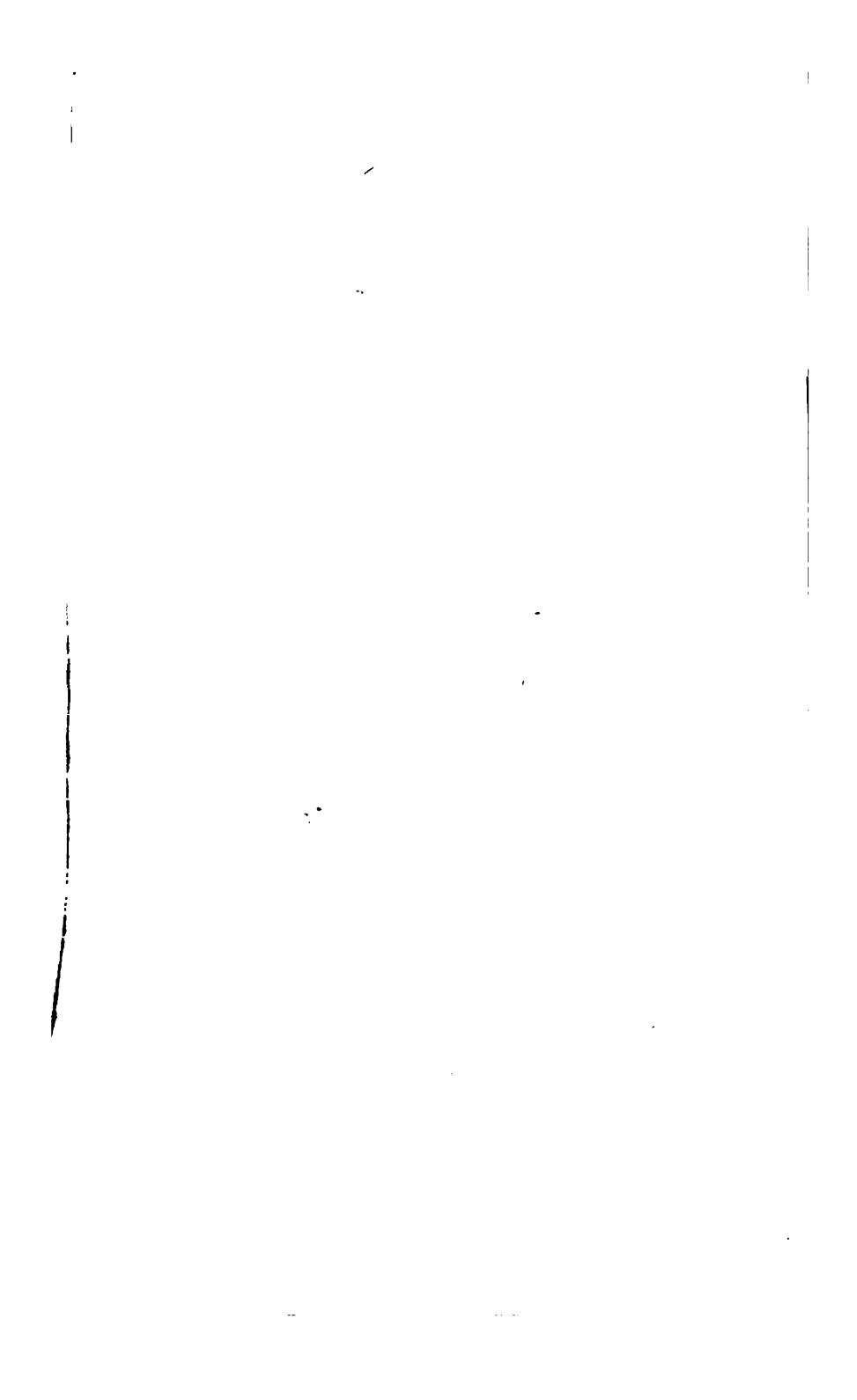
## **PART II.**



## ANALYSIS OF PART II.

---

Apostrophe to the Deity—The relation Man bears to God, as an immortal Being—God's design concerning Man—His probationary state—The requisitions of God—The means afforded Man, in order to the fulfilment of those requirements—The advantages accruing, in this life, from obedience to the Divine command; and the consequences resulting from a neglect of Salvation—A description of the feelings of Mankind at the approach of Judgment—The End of Time—The Resurrection described—Actual arrival of the Judgment Day—Sentence of Eternal Life pronounced upon the Righteous—Their flight to Heaven—The Wicked sentenced to Eternal Death—Their banishment into Hell—A Prayer—The Angel sealing the Gates of the bottomless Pit—His return to Heaven—The Everlasting Doom—The second Part concludes with the general Conflagration.



## PART II.

---

**ETERNAL POWER! PRIMEVAL SOURCE DIVINE!**

**Great Author, and Upholder of the world!**

**Thy mighty arm controls the fate of Kings,**

**And lays demolish'd Empires in the dust.**

**While monarchs fall by Death's despotic arm,**

**And from their seats are hurl'd. Thou art**

**The same immutable, eternal God!—**

**All-creating Lord! Eternity's prime King!**

**The ALPHA and OMEGA, too. Before**

**The mundane spheres adorn'd the vault of Night,**

**Or ere th' Universe was made, Thou sat'st**

Enthron'd in sempiternal light; and when  
Nought but th' ashes of this world are left, Thy  
Throne august shall still remain, and throughout  
Eternity, Thou shalt Thy sceptre sway!

SUPREME JEHOVAH! before Thy greatness,  
All things fade and die. Angels, are stars  
Of smallest magnitude, compar'd to Thy  
Effulgent beams. Thy glory is a sun,  
That far illumines the firmament on high,  
And scatters through the atmosphere of Heaven  
Transcendant brightness and unfading light!  
And what is Man, when set in competition  
With Thy glorious Self? A sightless atom;  
A powerless worm; an insect small; a fading flower,  
Which blooms to-day, to-morrow is no more!  
It is the divinity in Man, that  
Makes his relationship to God complete,

Perpetuates th'affinity divine,  
And constitutes his immortality  
In Heaven. There is a deathless principle  
In Man, viewless, immortal; a spark, struck  
From off the Primeval Mind; a beam, dropp'd  
From the Eternal Sun; a living ray  
From Heaven's resplendant Orb; essence divine!  
Made in the mould of DEITY; a transcript  
Of Himself, incorporeal; and pure, 'till  
Man by transgression fell. But now, alas!  
The magnific fabric in ruin lies,  
Of its beauty stripp'd; once heavenly and fair,  
Now all deformity and sin. Though God  
Beholds His spotless image from the soul  
Effac'd, still He loves the immortal spark,  
Which never can be annihilated.  
To Man nonentity does not belong;  
He must exist, when the sidereal spheres are



All extinguish'd in Eternal Night; when  
Worlds on worlds are buried in Oblivion's  
Dark sepulchral grave; and Earth, and Sky,  
And Ocean, are no more, but form below,  
One sacred pyre, and Chaos reigns again.

When th' apostate Angels were out of Heaven  
Cast, Jehovah another race created;  
Less dignified than those who fell, but made  
After His moral image, pure. Though our  
Progenitors fell from their first state, God's  
Design remains unchangeably the same.  
He made us all to glorify Himself,  
And gave us supernatural power, whereby,  
We might obey all-righteous Heaven. In this,  
Our bliss supreme, and lasting happiness  
Consist; so that obedience secures God's

Favour here, His all-approving smile, and claims  
 The promise of a future heaven. But sin  
 Incurs His vengeful frown, His hottest wrath,  
 And fiery indignation. To evince  
 And demonstrate that His design, was with  
 Love replete, He found a ransom to restore  
 Us when we fell, and gave His only Son,  
 To be the Friend and Representative  
 Of Man, that He might manifest His love,  
 And yet remain inexorably just.  
 For happiness God made us all, and still  
 Designs our bliss. His ever-watchful eye,  
 His superintending care, and all His  
 Dispensations wise, administer'd with  
 Benevolence and skill, unite to prove  
 Jehovah's boundless and unceasing love;  
 And demonstrate His grand design, to be  
 Our present and our everlasting peace.

Before God endows His creatures with that  
Full enjoyment of Himself, promis'd to all  
Who do His pleasure here; He assays their  
Graces, their allegiance proves, and tries with  
Fire, the probity of that love which they  
Profess. God made Man free, so that he could  
Refrain, or take th' interdicted fruit; but,  
Alas! he ate, he sinn'd, he fell! In Adam,  
Who was the root from which we sprang, we fell:  
An universal fall; a fall entire;  
And lasting too, except our second Adam  
Raise us by His power. Now our wills became  
Corrupt, unable of ourselves to choose  
The good and to reject the ill: hence we  
Are all as helpless as deform'd, until  
Renew'd by grace divine, then we receive  
Superior strength, and grace to lie passive  
In God's hands; in all His dispensations

Acquiesce, and find our highest heaven, is,  
To do His will. Though no inherent power  
In Man exists, there is a power divine  
To each injunction join'd, enabling  
Him t' act and to obey. If God had not  
Issued the command, our Judge would not  
Require obedience at our hands. But since  
The mandate has gone forth, and with that word  
The power which aids the will, He looks for fruit,  
And demands the requisitions of His law.  
But, if Man was not free,—though unable  
Of himself to choose the good, but made so  
By the power which now assists the will—it  
Would be injustice to condemn the soul,  
And punish Man for what he could not do.  
Then Man is free, and by the power which all  
Receive—life or death may choose, heaven or hell,  
Blessing or cursing—which his soul dictates.

Upon his actions here, his future heaven  
Depends; if present death he now prefers,  
The second death will follow that he dies:  
If he secure the life through Jesus given,  
Eternal life will consummate the same!

As we have sinn'd and lost our claim to Heaven,  
God requires that we repent; renounce our sins;  
Confess them at His feet; and importune  
His pardon through redeeming blood. Repentance  
Is the gate into the kingdom of God's  
Grace, th' only door to Paradise and Heaven.  
Before our streaming eyes, He sets transfix'd,  
The bleeding Sacrifice,—great object of our faith!  
And in His blood commands us to believe.  
The Spirit and the Word, reveal His power,  
And willingness to save; they stimulate  
Our faith, invigorate expiring hope,

And animate the soul. Now God requires  
 Implicit faith, that faith which springs from love:  
 A nominal belief in Him, will not  
 Avail; He says, "Believe, and be ye sav'd."  
 But lifeless faith can never save the soul.  
 'Twill not suffice to say, "Lord I believe."  
 Except our actions are echoes t' our faith,  
 For God expects obedience t' His word; nor,  
 Will He accept our partial service, but,  
 Demands the whole. Now at our hands, He asks  
 The service of our hearts, our lives entire.  
 That true devotion which inspires the soul,  
 Which gives her wings, and elevates her flight.

Our imbecility, Jehovah knew,  
 And incapability to perform  
 The requisitions of His law. In pity  
 To our strengthless souls, He vouchsafed His aid,

That we might find the path which leads to Heaven,  
And prosecute our duty with delight.  
To guide our footsteps through this darksome wild,  
He sent a revelation of His will.  
Soon as the embassy divine reach'd our  
Sin-stain'd shores, the ambassadors of Heaven  
Went forth to promulgate the word, that we  
Might know God's righteous will. He sent the Lamp  
Of Truth, t' illume the midnight darkness  
Of the mind, to direct the Spirit o'er  
The sea of life, and guide us to the port  
Of everlasting peace. When from out the path  
Of disobedience and vice, we bend our  
Weary feet, His grace stands ready t' assist  
The soul, to inflame the latent spark that's  
Kindled in the breast, to lead us on in  
Virtue's flowery path, and mature the mind  
For the fruition of eternal bliss.

His Providence, fair guardian of the soul,  
 Oft guides us in our peregrination here :  
 Sometimes He seems to frown, then smiles upon  
 Our path, wisely administering th' evil  
 And the good. But sing, the meritorious,  
 All-procuring cause—the great Eternal Mean!  
 Long had we remain'd on the purlieus  
 Of Tartarean night, captive exiles on  
 A foreign shore, manacled with chains, forg'd  
 By Lucifer in the Stygian pit;  
 And been the superstitious worshippers  
 Of those Memphian Deities, long known in  
 Canaan, had not the Saviour dispers'd  
 The gloom that envelop'd all the world. God  
 Saw 't would not suffice to propagate His  
 Law, without some superior remedy  
 For Man's disease. His grace communicated,  
 Produc'd no mighty revolution in



The world, until the Eternal Substance,  
Whom the Patriarchs shadow'd forth, and Prophets  
With holy lips foretold, became incarnate,  
And was immolated upon the tree.  
'Tis the merit of His blood perfumes our  
Prayers, refines our sacrifice, and makes our  
Obedience complete. Now, He lives enthron'd,  
In light inaccessible and glorious;  
Our Intercessor, Friend, and Advocate  
With God. When He bade adieu to this terrene,  
This sublunary state, He left His Spirit  
To be our solace through the vale of life;  
To give efficiency to all the means,  
And instituted ordinances of His  
Grace; to clothe, empower, and animate  
The faithful Heralds of His truth; to give  
Demonstrative, indubitable evidence  
To His word, and make that word the power of God

To save. That all mankind may not be lost,  
 His Spirit strives with men; convinces of sin,  
 Of righteousness, and judgment that's to come;  
 Entreats and woos, beseeches and invites, that  
 Those who will, may new life obtain; and those  
 Who, in their wickedness persist, must die  
 The second death. Ample provision this,  
 For helpless man; provision infinite!  
 Adapted to his state; and all who will,  
 May of the Tree of Life partake, and live!

Thou art inexcusable, O Man! who dost  
 Neglect Salvation, so plenteous, so great,  
 So infinite, and divine. Here is balm  
 For all thy wounds; and blood t' expiate thy  
 Guilt; forgiveness for all thy sins, thy crimes  
 Reiterated; and hyssop to purge  
 Thy foulest stains away. If we comply  
 With the requisitions of God's law, pardon

And peace will then ensue, happiness and Heaven ;  
God's favour here, His smile and approbation,  
Adoption into the church militant  
On earth, initiation into His  
Family below : and all the blessings  
Of His grace are ours, through faith in Jesu's  
Sacrificial blood. When on the bed of death  
The Christian lies ; prospects of unfading bliss  
Will burst upon his sight, transport his soul,  
And soothe the pillow of the dying saint.  
And when the Spirit quits her frail abode,  
Angels shall waft him to his native home,  
Beyond the precincts of this sublunar sphere,  
Where Beatitudes, Thrones, and Dominions  
Dwell. In the presence of the GREAT SUPREME  
He then shall rest, and Heaven will consummate  
His joy. But ah ! the reprobate will be  
Confounded at God's feet, and by His breath

Destroyed : in this life, misery and woe ;  
 And dark damnation in the world to come.  
 These He will leave in wretchedness to mourn,  
 In darkness palpable, and black despair—  
 Who despise His grace, and trample on His  
 Blood. After such benevolence and love,  
 What vile ingratitude ! effrontery how  
 Base ! Not all the kind solicitations  
 Of their Lord, would e'er prevail. Oft He cried,  
 “ Why will ye die, ye house of Israel, why ? ”  
 But ah ! they mock'd His word, His grace despis'd,  
 And cast off their allegiance to the King  
 Supreme. When the Spirit has taken His  
 Everlasting flight, and left the soul in  
 Worse than midnight gloom ; obduracy takes place ;  
 The heart becomes as a nether millstone  
 Hard ; impervious as th' adamantine rock ;  
 Invincible ; and obdurate, beyond

What a Poet's enthusiastic mind  
Can paint; and given up to work iniquity  
With infuriate rage. Every avenue  
Of the soul is barr'd against that voice which  
Oft-times woos us to the last; and cannot  
Give the graceless sinner up, long as Hope  
Blooms on the sunny banks of life. But ah!  
He stops his ears against fair Mercy's voice;  
Lest he should hear his state reveal'd, and shuts  
His intellectual sight, that he may not  
Discover the Hell in embryo, which burns  
Within his guilty breast. Now see him shut  
Up in Unbelief's dark cell, bound down with  
The chain of all his sins innumerable;  
Just ripe for Hell; proper associate for  
The hopeless damn'd; and fit fuel for those  
Eternal fires that blaze in Erebus.  
Oh! who has watch'd the sinner's dying hours;

When the flame of life becomes half extinct,  
And nature expires on the couch of death.  
See how he tosses, writhes, and turns upon  
His bed; but no repose he finds. The past—  
The sins of all his youth, his riper years,  
Th' aggravated crimes of maturer age—  
Now stands in dread array before his sight;  
And like a mountain, such as Atlas is,  
Oppress his soul, and sink it down with guilt.  
And if he hopes;—the mercy he abus'd,  
The prayers he once despis'd, the tears he mock'd,  
The invitations he rejected oft,  
All return fresh on his recollection,  
And blast the opening bud. O for a draught  
From Lethe's oblivious stream, to drown his  
Sins in black forgetfulness! But ah!  
They stand array'd before his face, like some  
Dense squadron on the embattled line, who

Marshal the field and dare the proudest foe.  
The future too now opens on his sight :  
At the portals of the viewless world, he  
Sees a host of disembodied spirits stand,  
Who wait to convey him to the regions  
Of dark perdition, and consign his soul  
To lasting mis'ry, and eternal woe.  
Beyond the gates, he views the Stygian gulf,  
And all the horrors of a future Hell ;  
Then on himself recoils, and cries, " I am  
Lost ! I am lost ! for ever lost !—and dies.

Those, who on th' earth remain alive, shall see  
The Judge approach ; when from th' empyreal Heavens  
He comes to summon all mankind before  
His dread tribunal. Now the despis'd  
And persecuted saint, shall behold his  
Enemies confounded in the dust ; amaz'd  
To see his magnanimity and zeal.

He had contemplated long years of pain,  
 Of sorrow and distress ; but ah ! the last  
 Decisive day has now arriv'd,—the day  
 Of retribution, when the wicked shall  
 Receive their just desert, and all the blest  
 Be amply compensated for their toil  
 And suffering here. With what astonishment  
 Th' afflicted saint now lifts his eyes to Heaven,  
 And clasps his hands, and prays ! Methinks, I see  
 Him stand ; the conscious tear trickles down his  
 Cheek, then he utters his soliloquy,  
 And magnifies the name of HIM, who comes  
 To retribute the just, and consign the curs'd  
 To their dark abode of mis'ry and woe !  
 Behold the consternation of the Sons  
 Of Pleasure ! who late had left the house of mirth—  
 The midnight orgies, satiate with wine,  
 And drunk with the intoxicating cup :



They little thought returning day would bring  
So sad a scene. But hark! I hear a voice;  
'Tis the harbinger from Heaven! What is his  
Proclamation to the Sons of Men? Now  
The dread precursor speaks; "Behold!" he cries,  
"Behold! the Bridegroom comes!"—Then prostrate in  
The dust the wicked hide their guilty heads;  
Some to the mountains and the rocks repair,  
To conceal them from the Lion of Judah's  
Tribe; and others invoke Hell's horrid gates  
T' open wide and devour them all. O could  
They now escape Jehovah's frown, His bright  
Discriminating eye, His fiery look,  
The sentence irrevocable, and all  
The flaming terrors of a Judgment Day:—  
But ah! the great decisive day has come.

Now Time his race had run; the Church was ripe

For God; the wicked fit fuel for Hell's  
Quenchless flames. The dread decrees of Heaven were  
Now to be fulfill'd; the day of grace was  
Past; Hope from the bosom of the wicked  
Fled, and fell Despair drank up the spirits  
Of that hopeless wretch, who sinn'd away his day  
Of grace, then thought to have escap'd the wrath  
Divine, which threatened lasting dissolution,  
And hung impending o'er his guilty head,  
Like the sword in the murderer's hand, soon  
To be bath'd in the victim's blood. The world  
Grown grey with years, on her foundations shook,  
And like the Bacchanalian, who o'er  
Th' inebriating cup had sat, reel'd to  
And fro. When lo! the Archangel from his  
Radiant throne came down, and on the Earth  
His right foot fix'd, then swore by HIM who does  
For ever live, that TIME SHOULD BE NO MORE!

The seventh trumpet sounded, and all who slept  
Rose from their dreamless beds: tombs, mausoleums,  
And vaults gave up their dead. Old Ocean heard  
The trump of God, and yielded up her prey.  
Those who on the battle-field were slain, heard  
The obstreperous clarion's sounding blast,  
And stood up a mighty army strong:  
And all who from Adam slept, into life  
Arose. There were the just rejoicing to behold  
The Resurrection's morn; the wicked trembling,  
Smote their knees and wept. Quick as the travel  
Of celestial light their nature chang'd;  
Soul to body was again united,  
And every particle of sacred dust  
Restor'd.

In mid-air the Great White Throne was  
Fix'd; the pillar'd clouds its mighty basis

Form'd: around the imperial seat, Angels  
Of light were plac'd, who stood prepar'd to guard  
The Throne, and minister to HIM, who should  
Judge in equity assembled worlds. Now God  
Sent the swift-wing'd Ministers of His power,  
To gather th' elect from the four winds of Heaven.  
Soon as they reach'd the confines of our earth,  
Ithuriel, who led th' angelic host through  
Boundless space, blow'd the sounding alchymy:  
Then from the purple East, the crimson West,  
The sultry South, and snowy North, they came.  
One half of the celestial band, flew with  
The redeem'd up to meet their triumphal Lord;  
The rest bound the wicked, who remain'd on  
Earth, and dragg'd them to the Judgment-seat. Then  
Ten thousand times ten thousand Angels  
Came; Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Powers,  
And all the chief of Heaven's hierarchy,

T' execute the awful purposes of Heaven's  
Almighty King, and bring th' inhabitants  
Of Erebus, before the dread tribunal;  
To hear pronounc'd their final destiny  
And everlasting doom. Forth the Dragon  
Came, and all the infernal host, bound down  
With adamantine chains, and at the left  
The Angel-bands then plac'd the hellish crew;  
Where they prostrate lay, subdued and conquered,  
Confounded and asham'd. Then Heaven's portals  
Open'd wide, and the great ARBITRATOR  
With His flaming host, pass'd the ponderous gates,  
And down the steep of Heaven drove furious,  
Until they reach'd the destin'd place, where God  
Had summon'd the nations of th' earth to meet,  
And all the damn'd from the Tartarian gulf.  
Th' Ancient of Days, now took His seat; the Book  
Of His remembrance open'd at His feet,

And before Him spread its ample page;  
 In which there stood engrav'd, the names of all  
 The damn'd, their sins innumerable, the place  
 Where, and period when, every act was  
 Done, and nature of each crime committed.  
 In the Book of Life were recorded too,  
 The names of all the blest; their righteous acts  
 Of piety, benevolence, and love,  
 In flaming characters of gold. Before  
 The inexorable Judge, now the righteous  
 And the wicked stood, when lo! the business  
 Of that Day began.

The righteous first were  
 Judg'd, and having kept the faith, obsequious  
 To the will of Heaven, their exceeding great  
 And infinite reward receiv'd. In His  
 Radiant majesty, Heaven's high Arbiter

Arose, and on the blood-wash'd multitude  
The sentence of Eternal Life pronounc'd :  
“ Come ye blessed,” the mighty voice exclaim'd,  
“ Enter the Kingdom for you prepar'd, ere  
The foundations of the world were laid.” Then  
Upon their heads, He plac'd the crowns of life ;  
In robes of white array'd them all ; gave each  
The victorious palm, and Angels convey'd  
Them through the fields of light.

Soon as the sentence  
Was on the just pronounc'd, up they flew on  
Wings of heav'nly shape ; through the vast expanse  
Of boundless space they soar'd, until they reach'd  
The paradisal gates ; when methought, they  
Paus'd, and took a last farewell of Earth. At  
Their ethereal touch the massy bolts sprang  
Back, and o'er their heads th' everlasting doors

Flew open wide. The celestial army  
Now enter'd the gates of Heaven, and Angels,  
Who day and night the Throne of God surround,  
Introduc'd them to th' Eternal King; then at  
His feet they fell, in admiration lost,  
And Silence reign'd in Heaven.

When the redeem'd  
Had enter'd Heaven, the wicked receiv'd their  
Everlasting doom. "Depart ye cursed,  
Into your place of misery and woe,  
For Satan and his angels first prepar'd,"  
The inexorable Judge exclaim'd. Then from  
The dread tribunal they hasted quick. As  
They descended the vast unknown profound,  
To Heaven they cast their streaming eyes, and bade  
Adieu to that thrice blissful world. "Farewell,



Farewell, ye happy souls!" they cried, "and Thou,  
Transcendent Power! whose presence constitutes  
The bliss of Heaven, and creates the Hell we  
Feel." Then the infernal gates flew open wide;  
Eternal Death put forth his forked tongue,  
And grinn'd a ghastly smile. From out the pit  
Issued the smoke which to Heaven ascends;  
The dark blue flames and sulphureous hail  
That belched forth, spread desolation round  
The mouth of Hell, and withered the spirits  
Of the damn'd. Now on the tempestuous lake  
They all arriv'd; their dismal wailings, groans,  
And horrid shrieks, shook Hell's burning concave,  
And echoed through the interminable gloom.  
When into the abyss of fire they plung'd,  
The mighty furnace with seven-fold fury  
Burn'd, and all the apostate angels rais'd  
A tremendous pæan to the King of Hell.

Save me Eternal God ! from such a death  
As this. And Thou O CHRIST ! who didst enshrine  
Thy purity in human flesh, and on  
The blood-stain'd Cross expire, to rescue ME  
From endless woe—dissolve the mystic chain  
That intralls my spirit ; emancipate  
My soul, and set me free !

Now the damn'd are  
All ingulf'd, and the gates of Acheron  
Clos'd upon their heads ; from th' imperial Throne  
The mighty Angel comes, commission'd by  
The ETERNAL, and sent to seal the gates  
Of Hell. Lo ! in a car of fire he flies ;  
The viewless air divides, as on he drives  
His fire-wing'd chariot. Myriads of Heaven's  
Sanctities his flight attend ; array'd in  
Panoply divine, with spears ethereous arm'd,

And adamantine shields ; lest ruthless war  
Should rise among the vanquish'd foes of God.  
Now the Archangel takes th' enormous Key,  
And locks the gates of the dread abyss ; then  
On the tremendous doors he fixes his  
Mighty seal, large as the circumference  
Of the meridian sun, and leaves behind  
The dread impression——“ ETERNITY !”

The awful task performed, the messenger  
Of fate, resumes his flight ; back to the Throne  
Of God he soars, and in Jehovah's hands  
Deposits the ponderous key. Then the hosts  
Of Heaven, well pleas'd that Satan's kingdom is  
O'erthrown, and God's establish'd on the rock  
Of truth—like assembled winds that spring from  
Their caves and revel o'er the deep, when by

The OMNIPOTENT unchain'd—all with one  
 Simultaneous feeling, rise to celebrate  
 The Sovereign, Changeless, Everlasting God !

Now the destinies of mankind are fix'd;  
 The sentence irrevocable fulfill'd.  
 The redeem'd are safely landed upon  
 The shores of bliss, where all their troubles  
 cease:

The waves of sorrow never more assault  
 Their happy souls, nor adverse winds e'er  
 Agitate the ocean where they sail. Their  
 Felicity is now complete, their joy,  
 No variation, no diminution  
 Knows; but 'tis permanently fix'd; nor can  
 The foe disturb their peace or violate  
 Their rest. 'Tis perfect bliss, pure as perfect,

Plenteous as pure, infinite as plenteous,  
And lasting as th' eternity of God!  
Hell's massy doors are now for ever shut,  
And seal'd secure; the fate of all the damn'd  
Is fix'd by the fiat of Almighty Wrath!  
Hope is for ever fled, and left them in  
Despair to howl. Mercy, fair Queen of Heaven,  
No longer stands to woo and to entreat;  
The Saviour too, with arms expanded wide,  
No more invites the homeless wanderers in,  
Nor sends the Heralds of His grace, t' offer  
Life and pardon, through atoning blood. Nought  
But one unbounded sea of fire now lies  
Before their sight; one Hell is past, the next  
Always to come; the first its end has found—  
The last, no termination, no cessation  
Knows, but ever burns within the sinner's  
Breast. A long, long eternity of woe

Is now their portion and their bitter cup :  
This is the final, everlasting doom !

Upon th' Earth the sentence dire, foretold by  
Inspiration, was executed next. On  
The guilty Universe, Jehovah pour'd  
The last red phial of His wrath divine.  
Now hills, and dales, and mountains, were on fire.  
Old Ocean boil'd and mighty forests blaz'd.  
The Sun from mid-heaven was thrown ; Cynthia  
Stream'd with blood ; and all the sideral host from  
Their orbits fell and parch'd the thirsty earth.  
The magazines of fire were now let loose,  
And Nature's secret chain dissolv'd. Ætna,  
Who long had pierc'd the sombrous clouds, and ting'd  
Their borders with ethereal fire, now burst,  
And spread fresh desolation round th' earth. Then

Blazing Hecla and Vesuvius too, pour'd  
Forth their rage, and all the fire-wing'd agents  
Of Almighty Power, set the Universe  
On fire. The devouring empyrosis,  
Impell'd by th' arm of dread Omnipotence,  
Dissolv'd the solid earth; the Heavens roll'd up  
Like a parchment-scroll, and Nature was no more!

### **PART III.**





### ANALYSIS OF PART III.

---

Time having disappeared, and the destinies of Mankind determined, Eternity resumes his reign—Eternity described—A description of Heaven—The Song of the Redeemed—The blessedness of Heaven, negatively considered—Corporeal happiness of the Saints—Their intellectual enjoyments—The plenitude of their felicity—Their social pleasures—Duration of their happiness—A description of Hell—The Dragon chained—The privations which the Damned endure—Their positive misery—Corporeal punishments—Mental sufferings—Their associates, being a considerable ingredient in their cup of woe—The eternity of their torments—An Apostrophe to Eternity—Reflections, deduced from the subject of the Poem—Conclusion of the whole.



### PART III.

---

Now the righteous were paradis'd in Heaven;  
The wicked damn'd; their doom irrevocable  
Was fix'd; the Universe had fled before  
The face of God; Primeval Silence wav'd  
Her magic wand o'er demolish'd worlds; Death  
And Time now reign'd no more; Days and Years were  
Buried in Oblivion's sequester'd grave;  
Eternity again resum'd his seat,  
And reign'd unrivall'd on his viewless throne.  
Heaven and Hell lay uncover'd before my sight,

And all the unchanging realities  
Of the eternal world, which now we sing.

Eternity, is Time perpetuated ;  
An endless year, an everlasting day.  
A circle of infinite circumference,  
That no beginning knew, no end can find ;  
But in itself revolves an endless round.  
An ocean, boundless as Divinity,  
And fathomless as the Eternal Mind ;  
Whose mighty billows ever roll along  
The shores of Heaven, or wash Hell's burning rocks  
Beneath.

As the triumphant host entered  
The imperial gates, I beheld the Hill  
Of God,—the new Jerusalem above ;  
Where heaven-born Spirits sweep the golden lyre.  
This far-fam'd city God has built on high,

In Elysian fields, where He reigns, the light,  
The glory, and the bliss of Heaven. Beyond  
The ken of man, this beauteous city stands,  
Built on the basis of ALMIGHTY LOVE.  
Her walls are of jasper pure, her golden streets  
Magnific, like the bright diaphanous glass,  
Glitter in the sun, superbly garnish'd  
With Ophir's costly gems : her pearly gates  
Translucent, the paradisal entrance form ;  
Beauty and grace in her luxuriant scenes  
Repose : and rich magnificence her realms  
Adorns. Odoriferous air her flowery plains  
Perfumes, and breathes ethereal fragrance through  
All her spicy groves. On the trees of this  
Celestial Paradise, ambrosial fruits  
Hang pendant down ; her fields are beautified  
With amaranthine flowers, and all her rich  
Domain is fill'd with joy ; and every soul

Is crown'd with everlasting peace! In these  
Blest regions, night is never known; nor do  
They need the Sun's refulgent rays, or Luna's  
Silver beams. Could these fair orbs fix their  
Chariots in the skies of Heaven, their lustre  
Would the bright effulgence dim of that  
Ethereal blaze, which fills the realms divine  
Light ineffable, emanating from  
The Fount of Day, spreads its pellucid rays  
O'er th' immortal plains. The Eternal King,  
Source of benignity and love, reigns on His  
Peerless throne, surrounded with an halo  
Of transcendant light, and through all the wide  
Extended realms of Heaven, diffuses round  
Seraphic peace, and never-ending joy!

After I beheld the white-rob'd bands all  
Landed safe, methought then I heard the sound

Symphonious, of celestial melody,  
Struck from the harps of mighty Seraphim  
And Spirits beatified; who hymn'd their  
Hallelujahs to Heaven's supernal King!  
Superior far their strains, to those struck from  
The sweetly-varying lyre, by Orpheus strung.  
"SALVATION," was their theme, "Salvation t' our  
God! Salvation to the Lamb!" How they swept  
Their golden harps! strains such as never fell  
On mortal ear before, saluted mine.  
Their songs of triumph fill'd the realms of bliss,  
And rais'd the happiness of Heaven; all Heaven  
Echoed with th' immortal song; such music  
Ravish'd my soul, and wing'd my Spirit home.

Heaven is the place where pious souls shall rest,  
Far from the reach of Hell's tyrannic power.  
Once they were toiling upon Life's rough sea,



Toss'd by the waves of trouble and distress ;  
But here they rest from all their dangers free.  
Now they have gain'd the haven of repose,  
And on the bosom of their God recline.  
Tears from their eyes are now for ever wip'd,  
And sorrow's waves no more oppress the soul.  
Adversity's bleak winds now cease to blow,  
The storm is hush'd, the tempest howls no more,  
But round them reigns an everlasting calm !-  
In Heaven, sin cannot their peace destroy, nor  
Satan tempt with his bewitching wiles. There  
The world no more allures the soul from God,  
No evil heart disturbs their quiet there,  
Nor grief, nor pain, e'er interrupt their peace ;  
But perfect joy and perfect blessedness  
Inspire the soul with gratitude and love.  
No blasting pestilence now blights their bloom ;  
No pallid sickness enervates their frame ;

No hectic fever burns their blushing cheek;  
 No pale consumption wastes their vigorous strength;  
 And lean-arm'd Death, with his enormous scythe,  
 No' more intrudes and cuts the aged down;  
 But now they flourish in eternal youth,  
 Where pain and sorrow never, never come!

When rais'd from death's long sleep by the  
 trumpet's  
 Loud, obstreperous blast; and soul to body  
 Is again united, immortaliz'd,  
 And from corruption freed—angels will waft  
 Us to our blissful home, where we shall dwell  
 Secure, crown'd with immortality and bliss.  
 There we shall behold the Eternal Throne,  
 And HIM, who on it sits; nor shall we through  
 A glass survey the beatific face,  
 But with the mystic veil rent from our eyes,

With perfect vision see a perfect God !  
The songs of praise from lips of Seraphim  
And Spirits glorified, will sink into  
The listening ear, and captivate the soul ;  
While the full mellifluous strains, struck from  
Angelic lyres, dissolve the sympathies  
Of the heart, and make the harmony complete.

When the Spirit springs into perfect life,  
Then perfect light will re-illumine the soul,  
And knowledge vast, adore the Creator—  
God. Then we shall comprehend what now is  
Dark, and understand what now we cannot  
Know. From this intellectual source will spring  
Extatic bliss. Knowledge is life ! 'tis life  
Divine ! 'tis life divine reveal'd ! 'tis life  
Eternal ! enjoy'd and felt. 'Tis this which  
Constitutes in part, our present and our

Future heaven; 'twill heighten heaven, and throughout  
Eternity perpetuate our bliss.

In Heaven we shall serve with perfect hearts, with  
Perfect acquiescence to Jehovah's

Will; His word obey, and do His pleasure  
With supreme delight. No Satanic power

Will then molest the soul, or influence our  
Renovated wills: no inherent ill

Will e'er impede our progress in the path  
Of life, or blast the buds of happiness

And peace. No servile fear will then enslave  
The mind, or love of fame e'er actuate

The soul. Our obedience will be sincere,  
And universal as the laws of Heaven.

When our corrupted wills are purified  
From sin, we shall emulate th' Angel-choir,

And all our intellectual powers employ  
To celebrate the God we love: we then

Shall worship at His feet with adoration  
Perfect as divine; with love supreme, with  
Love that knows no end. No Paphian charms will  
Alienate the heart from God, and fascinate  
The soul. Before our intellectual sight  
Will stand reveal'd the BEING we adore;  
And on His face we shall for ever gaze,  
Absorb'd in th' ocean of His boundless love,  
Long as Eternity endures.

There is,

There is, a fulness too, a plenitude  
Divine, to satisfy th' immortal mind,  
And fill the soul with never-ending bliss.  
There is no want, but an infinitude  
Of joy in Heaven. The panting soul will there  
Be fill'd with happiness supreme, and each  
Capacity o'erflow with deathless joy.

The capabilities of immortal Man  
Will there expand to infinite extent,  
Made adequate to know, enjoy, and grasp  
The DEITY!

In this thrice-blissful world  
The pious few again shall meet; e'en those  
Who differ'd in their forms and creeds, will now  
Embrace each other in the arms of love,  
And all profess one common faith divine.  
Here Jonathan shall with his David meet;  
The husband now shall clasp his lovely wife,  
The parent too his duteous child embrace,  
The zealous Minister and his pious flock,  
Shall recognize each friendly face, and join  
The anthem of eternal praise, On some  
Ethereal mound or sunny bank, where fruits  
Ambrosial grow, and amaranthine flowers,

Where ever-greens and deathless roses bloom,  
Beneath the beams of an eternal sun,  
They oft will sit and recount the dangers  
They have overcome; the troubles, sorrows,  
And bereavements which they once endur'd; or  
Tell of the afflictions, pains, and deaths they  
Have escap'd, and say, "that all things together  
Work'd, for their present and eternal good."  
Such converse will contribute to their bliss,  
And elevate the standard of their joy;  
'Twill shed increasing lustre o'er their path,  
And magnify the power divine that brought  
Them there. 'Tis here they meet to part no more!  
Inspiring thought! their Sabbath never ends,  
Their meeting ne'er dissolves, but endless praise  
Employs each seraph-tongue. No more they sigh  
"Adieu!" nor weeping cry, "Farewell, Farewell."  
These parting words, these soul-distracting sounds,

Ne'er spoil their pleasures, nor destroy their peace ;  
But now they join in amity and love,  
" Where adieus and farewells are a sound unknown." \*

Bring, bring, ye Angels! the unfading wreath,  
And crown the Spirit with consummate bliss.  
'Tis happiness supreme to know, obey,  
And love the great Three One, to realize  
The plenitude of such extatic bliss,  
And mingle with the blest around the Throne.  
But oh! the eternity! 'tis this that crowns  
The whole, and makes our paradise complete.  
What are all the dream-like pleasures of this  
Joyless life, when to those compar'd, which God  
Reserves for His redeem'd? The happiness  
Of Heaven is stamp'd with God's eternal seal :



Its impress is seen on every Spirit  
There. 'Tis Eternity consummates the bliss  
Of Heaven, and makes it to outweigh the pomp  
Of Kings; that sinks the wealth, magnificence,  
And pride of Empires in the shade, and gives  
Immortal beauty to the Sons of Light!

Now we have seen the paradisaal bowers,  
And heard the everlasting song, sung by  
Angelic tongues; beheld the happiness  
Of the saints, corporeal, intellectual,  
And divine; the unbounded plenitude,  
And lasting perpetuity of their  
Bliss, and all the mingled pleasures which they  
Feel. At the left, beneath th' Antarctic pole,  
Now Hell appears, which next we sing.

Deep in  
Some extreme region of the realms of space,

The GREAT ETERNAL dug the pit of Hell :  
 By Him ordain'd, to be the residence  
 Of fallen Angels. He fill'd the abyss  
 With burning wrath and fiery indignation.  
 Throughout Hell's horrid region, darkness reigns ;  
 And if light beam on th' interminable gloom,  
 'Tis but the flame of ten-fold vengeance, streaming  
 From the blood-red eye of God, to augment  
 Their woe. From the flaming caverns of this  
 Dismal pit, tormenting fire belches forth,  
 And pours its rage upon the hopeless damn'd.  
 Oh ! what a gulf profound ! a deep without  
 A bottom ! shoreless and wide is th' abyss  
 Of Hell ! A dungeon dark, with scorpions fill'd,  
 Where hissing snakes revolve, and viewless spectres  
 Walk their infernal haunts. A sea, where waves  
 Of dark damnation roll, and agitate  
 The soul. Hark ! the tempest howls ! the wind is

Up! the infuriate blast heaves the billows  
'Gainst the burning rocks, and sets the waves in  
Mountains on the deep. 'Tis now the torments  
Of the damn'd increase! Tartarus boils, vex'd  
With the fury of Almighty wrath. Devils  
Yell, and sightless demons howl! Despair raves  
Round Hell's dark dungeon, and Fear sits trembling  
On each ghastly cheek. Peace cannot reign in  
These dread regions, and Hope, inspiring maid, ne'er  
Dwelt in Tophet. Good is ever absent,  
And Evil always present with the damn'd.  
Fell Destruction haunts the gloomy caverns  
Of this direful prison; while Vengeance  
With her glittering sword, exacts the utmost  
Of the sentence pass'd; and Death, grim Death!  
                  laughs  
At his prey. They implore his pointed dart,  
But he refuses to ameliorate

---

Their pain ; fain would they die, but Death denies  
His aid.

Behold in the centre of this  
Dungeon drear, the conquered Dragon ! who vex'd  
The nations by his power, dethroned Kings,  
Demolish'd Empires, and laid Kingdoms low !  
Long had he molested th' elect of Heaven,  
And tempted sore the people of God's choice ;  
But now he lies in hellish thaldrom bound,  
'Mid th' abyss of Hell, chain'd to the burning rocks  
By some mysterious power, and doom'd to lie  
In never-ending woe ! See how he foams !  
He shakes his ponderous chain, his restless tongue  
Labours t' impeach the Majesty Divine ;  
His mighty limbs are strong in vain, and all  
His armour lies by his nerveless arm ; his  
Flaming eyes with dire malevolence glare,

A quenchless hell in his proud bosom burns,  
His tremendous roar, like the loud thunder  
Of a falling world, shakes Tophet's pillars,  
And gives acuteness to the pains of Hell.

— Great are the privations which the damn'd  
Endure! Happiness is lost, for ever  
Lost to them: those pure delights, which Angels  
Feel around the Eternal Throne, and all  
The blessedness of Heaven! When the wicked  
Receiv'd their sentence from the mouth of God,  
They bade adieu to that thrice-happy place,  
Where Saints and Angels meet; those blissful bowers  
Wreath'd with unfading laurels, amaranth,  
And gold; nor ever hop'd to gain the thrones,  
Dominions, and possessions they had lost.  
'Tis th' absence of that august BEING, who  
Fills the boundless amplitude of space

With His pervading soul, that constitutes  
The lasting misery they feel. 'Tis true,  
That Hell's domain is full of HIM, but His  
Dread presence there, is a consuming fire! Yes,  
He is there, to scourge the rebels of His  
Throne, to heat the furnace seven-fold, and give  
A vigour to the flames of Hell! 'Tis this  
Banishment from Heaven, this separation  
From the Source of Bliss, that makes their hell  
Intolerable. The blest society  
Of happy Spirits too, the damn'd have lost;  
They cannot now behold the white-rob'd choir,  
Nor hear the song of Seraphim above.  
Between them lies unbounded Phlegethon,  
Which now obstructs their sight. "But say, can they  
Not hope?" Alas all hope is lost! Could they  
But hope; 'twould mitigate their pain, assuage  
Their woe, and turn their hell to heaven. But ah!

Look where they will, 'tis nought but hell they see,  
And blackest hell envelopes all their sight.  
'Tis here, where e'en Almighty Love can't save;  
His gracious arm can't snatch a soul from out  
The flaming pit. Should His mercy e'er incline  
Him to redeem the damn'd, His justice would  
Require an adequate atonement for  
Their sin, which Wisdom infinite can't find  
For those who slight God's all-redeeming grace,  
And sin beyond the reach of blood divine.

Not only do they lose essential good,  
The blissful presence of Eternal Love,  
And all the untold blessedness of Heaven;  
But they are plung'd into a gulf of woe.  
The undying worm gnaws at their vitals,  
Yet ne'er destroys its prey. Fire quenchless,  
Invisible, ever falls upon their

Blasted heads, yet they are unconsum'd. Such  
 Mis'ry distorts their features, if features  
 In Hell are visible, and makes their pain  
 Insufferable. Eternal Death, with his  
 Envenom'd dart and deadly sting, pierces  
 Them through, tortures their souls, and aggravates  
 Their pain. Damnation is their bitter cup,  
 Lasting misery and eternal woe!  
 Oh! what a death is this; always dying,  
 Yet never dead! There is no respite from  
 Their woe, no ease in pain, no cooling stream,  
 To quench their burning thirst, but death on death,  
 Long as the mighty tide of ages roll!

Body and soul, a closely wedded pair,  
 Together suffer never-ending pain.  
 Grisly demons of terrific shape, rush  
 Before their sight; then from his dismal haunt,



A hideous monster starts, distorted by  
Sin, and black with accumulated guilt.  
When round they cast their streaming eyes, scenes  
of woe  
On every side appear: if up they look,  
A midnight sky upon their spirits frowns;  
If down, whirlpools of despair, yawning gulfs,  
And seas of fire, burst upon their sight; if  
Behind, burning mountains, that wrap their heads  
In clouds of sombre hue, and dreary vales,  
Streaming with liquid fire and human blood,  
Are all they see. And should they chance survey  
The scene which lies before their sight, nought but  
Immeasurable wilds and desert wastes, parch'd  
By the fiery pestilence of Hell, form  
The place where they are doom'd to dwell. Their ears  
Are fill'd with horrid blasphemies, from those  
Who day and night blaspheme OMNIPOTENCE,

---

And curse the Being whom they cannot love.  
 The direful shrieks and horrid yellings  
 Of the damn'd, who gnash their teeth and wail, at  
 Every turn salute their ears. Around them  
 Roars the tempest's tremendous howl; and nought  
 But ghastly sights now terrify the soul.

    Their knowledge too, contributes to their pain;  
 And adds fresh fuel to the flames of Hell.  
 The light it kindles in their tortur'd souls,  
 Only augments their Acherontine woe;  
 It probes the wound that sin has made, and makes  
 It bleed anew. The intellectual blaze  
 Illumes the dark blue waves of dread Cocytus;  
 Reveals the BEING whom they hate; the truth  
 Discovers which they once despis'd; and all  
 The never-fading joys of Heaven, which  
 Now are lost, for ever, ever lost! They

Know there is a place where happy Spirits dwell—  
But ah! that place is lost. They cannot say,  
“THERE IS NO HELL”—for now that Hell they feel.  
And every hopeless Spirit knows that God  
In Heaven reigns; though they are banish'd from His  
Throne. Such knowledge is of itself a hell!  
'Tis mis'ry abstract. They hate the God whom  
Glorified immortals love—with fixed hate,  
Perfect as fix'd, absolute as perfect,  
And lasting as the pungent pain they feel.  
They cannot love; for Love can't reign in Hell.  
Here all the complicated fires which sin  
Enkindles in the soul, burn with fury  
In the sinner's breast, and agitate his  
Frame. Anger, like an ever-blazing coal,  
Flames in their bosom and consumes their peace.  
Envy and Malice, Hatred and Despair,  
Upon their vitals feast; but ne'er destroy

The soul. When on their adamantine chains  
They look, which bind them to the rocks of Hell,  
They curse the Being who transfix'd them there;  
And horribly blaspheme that holy name,  
Which Cherubim and Seraphim adore.  
Their dire obduracy they still maintain;  
Averse to good, and to all evil prone; their  
Wills, repugnant still to Heaven's high behest,  
Proud and perverse, refuse obedience to the King  
Supreme. With fix'd contumacy, unchang'd,  
Unmov'd by punishment severe, and pain  
Insufferable, they still rebel against  
The throne and dynasty of God; oppose  
His reign and government divine, and dare  
OMNIPOTENCE to do His worst! Not all  
The waves of fiery wrath and thunder-bolts  
Of Hell, can subjugate their wills, that once  
Inexorable prov'd t' all the kind entreaties

Of God's word, His faithful ministers, and His  
Spirit too. Now they renounce allegiance  
To their King, His sovereignty abnegate,  
And swear eternal enmity against  
The Throne of God! 'Tis their repugnancy  
To Jehovah's will, their dire malignity,  
That cannot satiate its ceaseless thirst,  
And reek its vengeance on the God they hate,  
Which creates in part, the gnawing pain they feel,  
And makes their agony unutterable.  
Their purposes they see all frustrated,  
And every machination dire, e'en when  
They first in embryo appear. Now all  
Their expectations, like the blighted bud  
That blossom'd on the tree, are blasted by  
The deadly atmosphere of Hell, and all  
Their hopes fall fruitless to the ground. Oh!  
what

A complication of all pain is Hell!  
 Mis'ry extreme, and universal death;  
 Abscission from God and banishment from Heaven;  
 Complete destruction and exquisite grief;  
 Eternal loss and everlasting woe!

In these dark regions of despair and death,  
 Immingled horrors excruciate the damn'd.  
 The place, the company, are sad ingredients  
 In their bitter cup. Haters of God, yea,  
 Haters of themselves, are their associates  
 Now. Misanthropic Spirits, Apostates  
 Vile, Fiends and Demons of enormous size,  
 Devils twice-damn'd, and Spectres by sin deform'd,  
 Of immaterial shape; once equal with  
 Angels, and the friends of God; now lost t' all  
 But misery and woe! These, these, are their  
 Tormentors, who all their diabolic rage,

And hellish art employ t' augment their woe ;  
Then mock their wailings and their tears despise.

— When the impenitent pass'd the dark  
Unknown profundity of Erebus,  
Down they sunk, and always sink, but never  
Can they fathom the dread abyss of Hell.  
Numerous were their sorrows, bereavements,  
Afflictions, pains and deaths, while on earth they  
Liv'd. But ah ! those wintry storms were sometimes  
For a period hush'd, and summer-suns  
Their genial and enlivening beams display'd :  
Bewitching Fortune cheer'd the vale of life,  
And gay Prosperity oft animated  
The desponding soul ;—but in Hell there is  
No mitigation, no amelioration  
Of their woe. While toss'd upon life's rough sea,  
They had some respite from corroding care ;

Hope, delusive Hope, lit up her torch in  
 The sinner's breast. Their misery was not  
 Fix'd, 'twas not eternal! Their afflictions,  
 Pains, and woes had a termination then;  
 Fain'd Somnus oft resum'd his ebon throne,  
 Spread his downy pinions o'er the slumb'ring world,  
 And lull'd the heart to rest. Ah! then, they had  
 Cessation from their grief; and Mind repos'd  
 In the pavilion of sequester'd Night.  
 But in Tophet there is no cessation,  
 No termination of their woe. Long as  
 The Ages of Eternity revolve,  
 Their agonizing souls writhe beneath Heaven's  
 Damning frown, and groan under Jehovah's  
 Burning curse. The everlasting days roll  
 On, and the eternal years pass by, fraught  
 With desperation, misery, anguish,  
 And consuming woe; but alas! their hell



Remains the same: the long, long revolving years  
That have roll'd away, do not mitigate  
Their pain, or inspire a hope that soon their  
Woes will cease; but Tophet burns as furiously  
As when they enter'd on this direful state.  
Jehovah's wrath still rolls its fiery waves  
Against the rocks of Hell, and the tempest  
Howls as tremendously as before. Their  
Nature is unchang'd by suff'ring and by  
Pain. Still they feel the ever-gnawing worm,  
And wail, and gnash their teeth, and weep, and  
sigh,

But no alleviation find; because  
Their torture never ends! Eternity,  
Dread Eternity, before them stands! with  
His gigantic mien and magnific look,  
He astounds their souls; shows how delusive  
Are their hopes of ultimate redemption;

Defies the power of endless revolution;  
And sets at nought the mighty despot, Death.

Eternity! Eternity! 'tis thou  
That mak'st the torments of the damn'd complete;  
Could they reject thee, could they cast thee out  
Of Erebus, then were it a hell no  
Longer. But alas! "ETERNITY" is  
Engraven with a pen of adamant  
Upon the flaming doors; heard in each blast,  
And borne on the tempestuous storm through all  
The subterraneous caverns of the damn'd;  
And what is worse, 'tis stamp'd upon the mind  
Of every hopeless wretch; and strive as they  
Will, they can't forget the soul-consuming thought.

What is Eternity? Look forward far  
As th' eye can penetrate, then solve if ye can  
The mighty problem which the Muse propounds.

Think of duration without end, and then  
Define Eternity, who can. But oh !  
Indulge the theme ; 'twill check iniquity's  
Loose reins, give zest to thought ; and stem the wide  
Inglorious stream of crime. Think of a life  
Commensurate with eternal ages ;  
And choose ye then, ye dissipated race,  
Whom ye best will serve. It is preposterous  
To build our hopes of happiness below.  
Egregious indeed ! for pleasure reigns beyond  
The sky. It is pusillanimous of souls  
Immortal, to distrust HIM who cannot  
Lie ; and vile effrontery to reject His  
Claims. Opprobrious is the charge, preferr'd  
Against the Sons of Pleasure, who sacrifice  
Heaven's unwithering joys, and feed on dust.  
There is no happiness below but what  
Eternity must ripen, consummate,

And perpetuate for ever. Time, while  
It lasts is precious ; but the bliss of Time  
Is short. The business of Eternity  
Is Man's prerogative. All things below  
Are fleeting as the visions of the night.  
Beyond the grave, all is real, permanent,  
And true. 'Tis magnanimity to believe  
In God, our happiness and heaven, our bliss  
Supreme. Eternal things demand our first,  
Our latest thoughts : for what we now behold,  
In dark oblivion soon will be entomb'd.  
When in our dreamless beds we lie, the pomp  
Of life will not affect our state ; on  
The good man's grave, angels will sit to guard  
The sacred shrine, and when the trumpet sounds,  
Attend him to the skies. When upon  
The eternal shores we land, one boundless sea  
Of happiness or woe, will lie before

Our sight; and all the dream-like shapes of Time  
For ever disappear. What are all our  
Sufferings here, when t'our great reward compar'd?  
Put them in the scales of Truth, and from th' hand  
Of Justice the beam suspend with equal poise—  
And then we find our joys preponderate.  
What is the aggregate of human woe,  
To that the Saviour bore while on His  
Peregrination here? 'Tis nought indeed!  
The servant is above his suff'ring Lord.

Is Hell what we have said? a prison drear,  
A pit unfathom'd, a dungeon dark? It is.  
Then let us make one effort more t' escape  
Those regions of eternal fire, kindled  
By Jehovah's breath. Immortal Man was  
Made to feed on Angel's food; to live in  
Bliss: and not to perish in eternal night!

How momentous is the awful business  
Of Eternity ! All things below, with this  
Compar'd, are nothing. Eternity is all.  
May this absorb my mind, and wing my soul  
For Heaven !

Thus have I laboured t' explain, what  
Nothing but Eternity can unfold.  
Call it not presumption. No interdict  
Prohibits our pursuit : 'tis ignoble  
Always to sing of Earth, and Time, and Sense ;  
To waste our years below, and never rise  
To bliss. Away, away, ye ephemeral joys,  
Ye senseless dreams ! ye cannot satisfy  
The mind that's pregnant with immortal fire,  
And thirsts for God. Be this my lofty theme,  
Till I loose myself in Eternity's  
Unfathomable sea.



## **NOTES.**





## NOTES.

---

NOTE, page 7.

*" Mysterious theme!  
Too potent for minds create, unaided  
By Powers ethereal."*

Its value vast, ungrasp'd by minds create,  
For ever hides and glows in the Supreme.

YOUNG.

NOTE, page 11.

*" Or, ere Angels breath'd empyreal air."*

Up led by thee,  
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,  
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air.

MILTON.

## NOTE, page 14.

*" Angels are ministers  
Of God, created to perform His will."*

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of Salvation ?

HEBREWS, i. 14.

## NOTE, page 15.

*" When the Messiah was by the Spirit  
Led up the rugged hills of Quarantana,  
To be tempted by our great Adversary."*

The wilderness where Jesus was tempted, was probably the Mountains of Quarantana, to the East of Jerusalem, which now have an appearance the most rugged and unsightly ; or that near Pisgah, on the East of Jordan.

GURNEY.

## NOTE, page 15.

*" Nor are they less mindful of Salvation's  
Heirs, but round them stand, to guard their feet through  
Earth's dark maze, and ripen them for Heaven. When Death*

*Levels his arrows at the Christian's heart,  
'Tis theirs at the portals of th' unseen world  
To stand; and when th' insatiate monster  
Dissevers with his mighty scythe, the thread  
Of life, to waft the Spirit up to her  
Native sphere."*

Since I wrote these lines, I have met with the following passage in a Poem, entitled "Angels," by Robert Montgomery; it is similar in meaning, but different in expression:—

"Nor are ye left the world, but still unseen,  
Surround the earth as guardians of the good,  
Inspiring souls and leading them to Heaven.  
And oh! when shadows of a future world  
Advance, and Life is in the grasp of Death,  
'Tis your's to hallow and illume the mind,  
To bring the starry wreath by Angels worn,  
And crown the Spirit for her native sphere."  
AMULET, 1829.

NOTE, page 16.

*"With Satan erst the ruthless war  
Began, who in his heart aspir'd against  
The Eternal Power."*

And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the Dragon; and the Dragon

fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was there place found any more in heaven. And the great Dragon was cast out, that old Serpent, called the Devil and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world; he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him.

REVELATIONS, xii. 7—9.

NOTE, page 20.

*" Behold Him brooding  
On the dark abyss, where dread Confusion reigns."*

Thou from the first  
Wast present; and with mighty wings outspread,  
Dove-like satt'st brooding on the vast abyss,  
And mad'st it pregnant.

MILTON.

NOTE, page 30.

*" And bruise the head of him who bruis'd His heel."*

And I will put enmity between thee and the woman,  
and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy  
head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.

GENESIS, iii. 15.

## NOTE, page 40.

“ *When  
 Worlds on worlds are buried in Oblivion's  
 Dark sepulchral grave; and Earth, and Sky,  
 And Ocean are no more; but form below,  
 One sacred pyre and Chaos reigns again.*”

— Death and Time devour'd no more : the doom  
 Revokeless, by prophetic lips foretold,  
 Was past ; the Universe had disappear'd,  
 And Chaos revell'd o'er demolish'd worlds:

MONTGOMERY'S Vision of Hell.

## NOTE, page 42.

“ *God made Man free.*”

So shall fall,  
 He, and his faithless progeny. Whose fault ?  
 Whose but his own ? Ingrate, he had of me  
 All he could have : I made him just and right ;  
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.  
 Such I created all th' ethereal powers,  
 And spirits, both them who stood, and them who fail'd :  
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.  
 Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere  
 Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,

Where only what they needs must do appear'd;  
Not what they would! What praise could they  
receive?

What pleasure I from such obedience paid,  
When will and reason (reason also is choice)  
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,  
Made passive both, had serv'd necessity,  
Not me? They therefore, as to right belong'd,  
So were created, nor can justly accuse  
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate;  
As if predestination over-rul'd  
Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree,  
Or high foreknowledge. They themselves decreed  
Their own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,  
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault;  
Which had no less prov'd certain, unforeknown.  
So without least impulse, or shadow of fate,  
Or ought by me immutably foreseen,  
They trespass; authors to themselves in all,  
Both what they judge, and what they choose; for so  
I form'd them free, and free they must remain,  
'Till they intrall themselves; I else must change  
Their nature, and revoke the high decree  
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd  
Their freedom; they themselves ordain'd their fall.

PARADISE LOST, Book III.

## NOTE, page 43.

*"Then Man is free."*

As much has been said in the religious world, concerning the doctrine of free-will, I shall merely cite two or three passages of Scripture, from which the doctrine may be plainly inferred.

I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore *choose* life, that both thou and thy seed may live.

DEUTERONOMY, xxx. 19.

*Ye will not come to me that ye might have life.*

JOHN, v. 40.

The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And *whosoever will*, let him take the water of life freely.

REVELATIONS, xxii. 17.

## NOTE, page 63.

*"Then at  
His feet they fell, in admiration lost;  
And Silence reign'd in Heaven."*



He ask'd ; but all the heavenly choir stood mute,  
And silence was in Heaven.

PARADISE LOST, Book III.

NOTE, page 79.

*" Salvation was their theme : Salvation t' our  
God ! Salvation to the Lamb ! "*

After this I beheld, and lo ! a great multitude, which  
no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and  
people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before  
the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their  
hands ; and eried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation  
to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the  
Lamb.

REVELATIONS, vii. 9, 10.

NOTE, page 81.

*" But now they flourish in eternal youth. "*

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth.

ADDISON.

NOTE, page 82.

*" With perfect vision see a perfect God!"*

And perfect Mind a perfect God adores.

MONTGOMERY'S Vision of Heaven.

NOTE, page 91.

*" Long had he molested th' elect of Heaven,  
And tempted sore the people of God's choice."*

From these lines, the Author hopes his readers will not infer the doctrine of personal, absolute, and unconditional election; as they are not intended to convey any such meaning. He believes in scriptural election, which is through faith and sanctification of the Spirit, and hopes nothing farther is implied in these lines; because he conceives, that all who have faith, that is, saving faith, and who are sanctified by the Spirit, are God's elect, or the people of God's choice. See 1 Peter i. 2.

NOTE, page 92.

*" 'Tis th' absence of that august BEING, who  
Fills the boundless amplitude of space  
With His pervading soul, that constitutes  
The lasting misery they feel."*

Thence higher soaring,  
 Through ye I raise my solemn thoughts to Him,  
 The mighty Founder of this wondrous maze,  
 The great Creator! Him! who now sublime,  
 Wrapt in the solitary amplitude  
 Of boundless space, above the rolling spheres,  
 Sits on his silent throne and meditates.

H. K. WHITE.

NOTE, page 95.

*" Always dying, yet  
 Never dead."*

Dying perpetually, yet never dead.

POLLOK's Course of Time.

NOTE, page 102.

*" When the impenitent pass'd the dark  
 Unknown profundity of Erebus,  
 Down they sunk; and always sink but never  
 Can they fathom the abyss of fire!"*

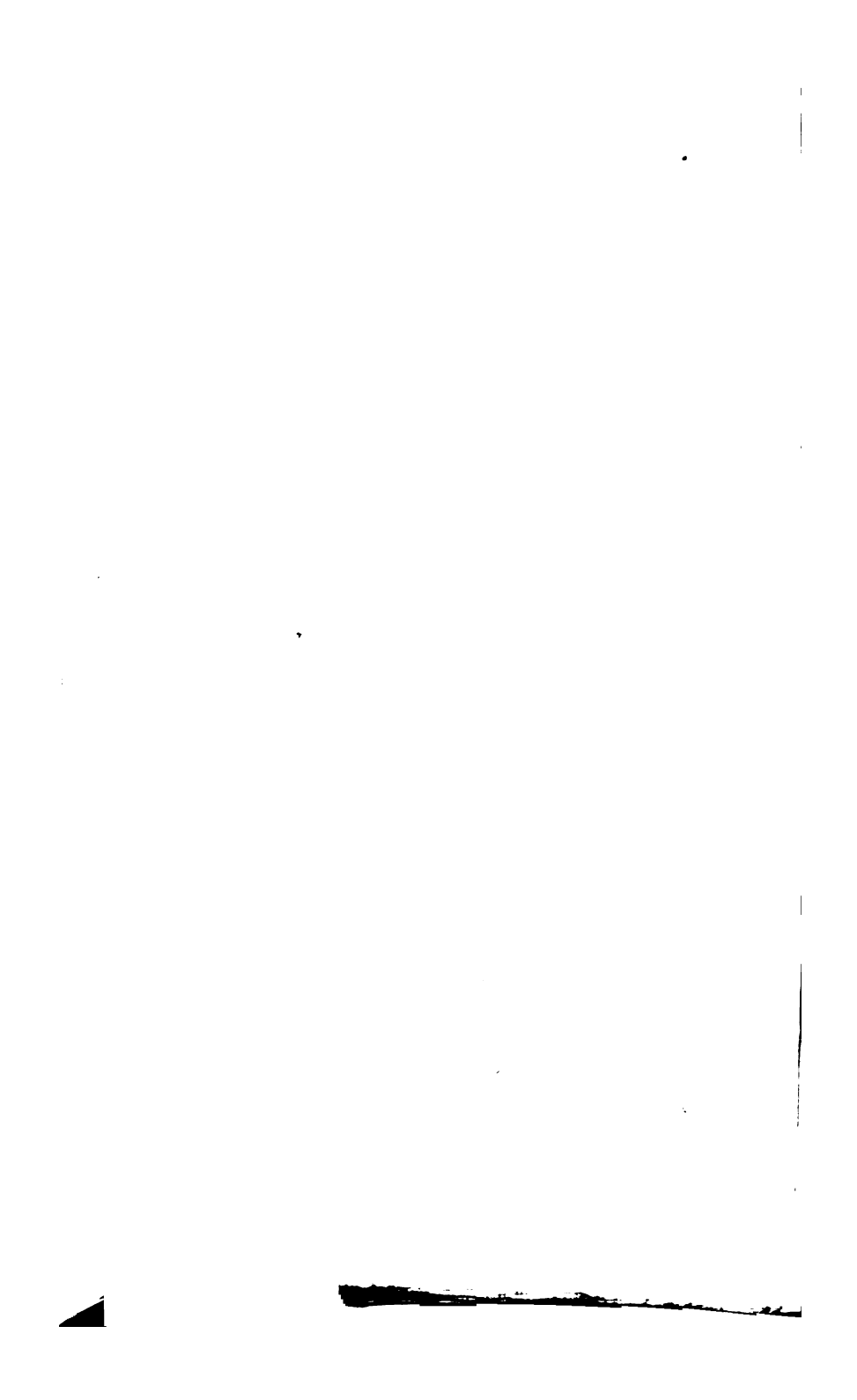
A groan return'd, as down they sunk, and sunk,  
 And ever sunk, among the utter dark!

POLLOK's Course of Time.

The reader will discover the similarity there is between these lines of Mr. Pollok's and my own, both in this note and the preceding one. Both passages were however, written prior to my having seen Mr. Pollok's admirable work.



**MISCELLANEOUS.**



## ANTICIPATION.

AN ODE.  

---

SEE from afar the Hill of God,  
The City of celestial love ;  
Where Spirits wash'd in Jesu's blood,  
Throng the Elysian fields above.  
There they sing the immortal song,  
"Salvation to the Lamb," they cry.  
Soon we shall join the happy throng,  
And soar beyond the starry sky.



The golden spires appear in view,  
The glitt'ring fanes and lofty towers ;  
The flow'ry fields of varied hue,  
The fragrant amaranthine bowers.  
And lo, we wait with fond desire,  
The kingdom coming from above.  
After our home we all aspire,  
And fly to Heav'n on wings of love.

Now we anticipate our seat  
Beyond the bright celestial spheres ;  
Where all the faithful Israel meet,  
When God shall wipe away our tears.  
How sweet our union there will be,  
When all the storms of life are o'er,  
When from the chains of Death set free,  
We meet again to part no more!

ON THE  
OMNIPOTENCE OF GOD.

A HYMN.

---

IMMUTABLE, Almighty Lord !

Essential, Everlasting King !

Thou art the great omnific Word ;

And angel-choirs Thy glories sing.

The blissful armies of the sky,

Thy dread Omnipotence confess ;

At Thy behest they swiftly fly,

The wand'ring sons of men to bless.

The beauteous face of nature fair,  
The smiling fields and roseate bower,  
Thy sov'reign wisdom, Lord, declare,  
And show the greatness of Thy power.

The azure vault and spangled sky,  
The planetary system wide,  
Proclaim Thy peerless Majesty;  
And sink to nought all human pride:

The glittering orbs, Thy power display,  
When they adorn the vault of night;  
And all Thy saints Thy word obey,  
And glory in Thy conq'ring might.

The golden Sun that rules the day,  
The Moon that silvers o'er the plain;  
Thy dread Omnipotence display,  
And prove Thy universal reign.

Th' infuriate storm when raging high,  
The thunder and the forked fire ;  
The gloomy and bewilder'd sky,  
To show Thy power, do all conspire.

In Hell Thy matchless power is known,  
Thou righteous, sin-avenging God !  
The hopeless damn'd, Thy justice own,  
And bow beneath Thy scourging rod.

Hail ! everlasting God and King !  
Fountain of life and love divine !  
Thy countless Attributes I sing ;  
For power, and might, and praise are Thine !

SONNET TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

---

SWEET Songster of the vale and sylvan grove,  
To thee the Muses tune the peaceful lyre,  
And with the listening peasantry conspire,  
T' extol thy notes of ecstasy and love.  
O let me near the village-hamlet rove,  
At evening when the silver spheres appear,  
Thy song divine shall warble in my ear,  
Melodious as the choral host above.  
Oft have thy notes solac'd my mournful heart,  
And pour'd the balm of comfort in my breast;  
Oft have thy nightly hymnings sooth'd the smart,  
And cheer'd the spirits of thy unseen guest.  
Sweet Philomel! thy peerless song I praise,  
And to thy name one lowly tribute raise.

# FRIENDSHIP.

AN ODE.

---

SWEET solace in my woes,  
 Now I am left forlorn,  
 Will all my hopeful friends turn foes,  
 And vanish like the storm that rose,  
 And leave me here to mourn?  
 Must I complain,  
 With ceaseless pain,  
 That friendship in the human breast does seldom  
 reign?

Where does true friendship dwell,  
If its a gem so rare?  
In heaven-born minds divinely pure,  
And not where ominous clouds obscure  
The light supremely fair.  
Thou Maid divine,  
I love thy shrine,  
For amity and sweet connubial love are thine.

Thou canst assuage my woe,  
And bid my grief depart;  
'Tis thine to chase the fiend Despair,  
And with thy sympathetic tear  
To bless my dubious heart;  
O haste away,  
Nor once delay,  
And dwell with me, sweet Spirit of ethereal day.

On thy breast I'll repose,  
When storms surround my soul;  
Thy placid smile and pensive tear,  
My downcast mind shall oft-times cheer,  
And every storm control.  
O let me prove,  
Sweet maid of love!  
Thy playful smiles, like moon-beams streaming from  
above.


Though the loud winds career,  
And threaten to destroy,  
I will not dread the winged storm,  
If bless'd with thy endearing form,  
And life-inspiring joy:  
Thy hand shall twine,  
With skill divine,  
The fragrant wreath, t' embalm my hallow'd shrine.



## THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

## A SONNET.

HARK! the loud obstreperous clarion blows,  
The glittering spears and waving sabres shine  
With lustre bright along th' embattled line,  
And dauntless Valour with fresh courage glows.  
Now on his cold cheek fades the virgin rose,  
He falls! he falls! 'tis in his Country's cause;  
Heedless of Heaven's command and righteous laws;  
The fearless warrior does God's ways oppose.  
Stern Horror stalks along the deathful plain,  
And human blood now stains the Victor's shield;  
While Desolation hovers o'er the field,  
Red Anguish bleeds with undiminish'd pain.  
Ere long Bellona shall the scene deplore,  
And Nations soon shall learn to war no more!



ON THE  
OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

A HYMN.

---

SPIRIT of Spirits! Lord of all!

Thy presence fills the realms of space;  
Around Thy footstool Angels fall,

And gaze upon Thy glorious face.  
Before the world's foundations stood,

Or ere the stars their being knew,  
Thou satt'st above the spacious flood,  
With Earth and Hell before Thy view.

Thou fill'st the regions of the air ;  
Eternity's Thy dwelling-place,  
And all Thy works Thy impress bear ;  
Thou God of universal grace.  
All things, O Lord, are full of Thee,  
Great is Thy name, thou God of love,  
Thy Spirit fills immensity,  
And Heaven's boundless realms above.

If on the wings of Faith I rise  
Beyond the starry fields of light,  
Or sink beneath the sapphire skies,  
And sound the dark abyss of night—  
Thy Omnipresent eye is there,  
And does my ev'ry thought perceive ;  
Thou art in ev'ry breath of air,  
And all things in Thee move and live.

If on the wings of morning-light

I fly to Earth's remotest bounds,

I can't escape Thy piercing sight,

Thy presence still my soul surrounds.

And if in Hell I make my bed,

Thy flaming eye will pierce me through;

I cannot hide my sinful head

From Thy all-comprehending view.

O may this all-important truth

Influence my heart, my life, my tongue!

May it impress my thoughtless youth,

And curb the wand'rings of my song.

May I revere Thy sacred name,

And love the records of Thy grace;

For Thou art ev'ry where the same,

Filling the amplitude of space.

VICTORY.

---

UNFOLD thy streaming flag,  
Celestial Victory!  
And chase the fell Night-hag  
With song and minstrelsy;  
Thy deep-red pennons float in air,  
And all the marks of conquest bear.

'Tis not the fame I sing  
Of Warriors in the field,  
Who for an earthly king,  
Approach with spear and shield;  
The Christian wreath I now entwine,  
And sing the victory divine!

Lo! we approach the field,  
Fearless of all our foes;  
Jehovah is our shield.  
The martial trumpet blows;  
Arise! arise! arise to war!  
The foe ascends the flaming car.

Come from your secret place,  
Ye sacred sons of light,  
Empower'd with conq'ring grace,  
And taught by God to fight:  
Approach the proud embattled line,  
Array'd in panoply divine.

Display the Spirit's sword!  
And take the glitt'ring shield;  
Obey your Captain's word,  
And face th' ensanguin'd field;

The helmet of salvation take,  
And bid the arm of God, awake.

The conquest we shall gain,  
O'er Sin, and Death, and Hell ;  
Free from disease and pain,  
In endless glory dwell ;  
The triumphs of the Cross proclaim,  
And spread Messiah's deathless fame.

Soon we shall wave the palm  
Of victory divine ;  
By God's all-conq'ring arm,  
Our every foe outshine ;  
And soar in everlasting flight,  
Through the empyrean fields of light.

ON THE  
OMNISCIENCE OF GOD.

A HYMN.

---

ALL-INFINITE! all-perfect Lord!  
Incomprehensible art Thou!  
All things existed by Thy word,  
And Heaven and Earth before Thee bow.

Thy wisdom form'd the plan divine,  
On which our pardon we receive;  
Thou didst Thyself in flesh enshrine,  
And die that Man through Thee might live!



Thy bright Omniscient eye descries

The latent secrets of the heart ;

So pure, so infinitely wise,

Thou canst not from Thyself depart.

Beyond the precincts of old Time,

Thy all-pervading eye can see ;

The various casts of every clime,

Are known Omniscient God to Thee.

Teach me to do Thy righteous will ;

To walk in Wisdom's ways divine ;

In me the promises fulfil,

And make, and stamp, and seal me Thine.

---

MERCY.

---

HAIL! fair Empress of the empyrean skies,  
My Muse would sing thy sweet supernal name;  
Borne on young Love's seraphic wings, she flies  
To spread around thy ever-during fame.  
Do Thou, Eternal Spirit! raise my lyre,  
And touch my Muse with pure poetic fire.

'Tis not the aid of fabled gods I seek,  
But from the Aonian mount I stray.  
Speak, O thou Spirit! to my passions speak,  
And all my latent powers shall Thee obey;  
Shed down a ray of bright celestial light,  
And now disperse the mists of hellish night.

No angel-tongue thy nature can define ;

Thy depth unknown, no Seraph can explore ;  
 Thy name so glorious, heav'nly, and divine,  
 Makes Angels wonder, reverence, and adore.  
 Thy lustre fills the boundless Realms of Day,  
 And glory beams in each incarnate ray.

Stupendous Mercy ! fount of endless love !

Firm as a rock thy deathless pillars stand ;  
 Thou art the theme of angel-hosts above,  
 Who bow obsequious to God's high command ;  
 Thy living waters, from Heav'n's lov'd abyas,  
 Shall ever flow in streams of endless bliss.

Primeval Daughter of th' Eternal Sire !

In pity look upon this world of wee.  
 When will the Saviour leave the angel-choir,  
 And deign to dwell with abject Man below ?

The golden chariot, wing'd with Seraphs bright,  
 Waits to convey Him through the fields of light.

Lo, He comes ! the Redeemer of mankind—

He leaves, He leaves, the shining ranks above.

'Tis love constrains the great Eternal Mind,

And pity moves the Saviour's dying love :

To earth He flies, a faithless world to save ;

And rescues Man from the eternal grave.

See Him expiring on yon gloomy hill !

'Tis MERCY bleeding for th' apostate race.

Now He completes His heav'nly Father's will,

And magnifies His all-redeeming grace ;

While rending rocks and opening caverns prove

That He is God ; the God of grace and love.

Redeeming mercy is the theme I sing ;  
Unfathom'd mercy, infinite, unknown !  
O could I mount on some bright Seraph's wing,  
And get permission from th' Eternal Throne—  
I'd preach Thy mercy to the fallen race,  
And tell to all the riches of Thy grace.

Triumphant Jesus ! King of kings above !  
How didst Thou conquer on the blood-stain'd  
Cross ;  
While Angels sang Thy everlasting love,  
Hell's embattled host mourn'd their direful loss.  
“ 'Tis finish'd, ” our great Immanuel cries ;  
The God of grace, the God of nature dies !

See Him ascending to His Father's throne,  
With victory and deathless triumph crown'd ;

---

Angels their sov'reign Lord and Master own,  
And wonder spreads through all the earth around :  
Heaven's golden portals, faithful to His word,  
Open, and receive our dear, triumphant Lord.

Behold Him thron'd in everlasting light ;  
The Prince of Peace, and Conqueror of Death !  
See Him invested with all power and might.  
The winds are but the offspring of His breath ;  
The rolling thunder is His voice divine ;  
And vivid light'nings round His sceptre shine.

Fain would the Muse her feeble tribute pay,  
And twine the fragrant garland for His brow ;  
Fain would she bring the laurels green and gay,  
And deck the wreath with amaranthine bough—  
But ah ! my Muse, He needs no earthly gem,  
For Mercy fair adorns His diadem.

**Hail! fair Empress of the empyrean skies;**

**Long shalt Thou in deathless honour reign,  
And live when all created matter dies,**

**The lawful Queen of Heaven's blest domain.  
Maintain thy throne, thou peerless Saint of light;  
And reign coeval with the INFINITE!**

## SONNET

ADDRESSED TO MY SISTER ANN.

---

SOFT as the Summer breeze that sweeps the plain,

Or genial as the sunny rays of Heaven,

Thy sweet endearing words of love were given,

To free my mind when bound in Terror's chain.

My youthful Muse does still congratulate

My Anna, while passing o'er the watery deep;

Come dry the tear, and cease, my Love, to weep,

Since hopeless woe, has not become thy fate.

Th' inspiring joys of ever-during bliss,

Shine through the dark and sable shroud of night,

Prophetic of that last and final conquest,

When thou shalt bathe in Heaven's lov'd abyss,

'Mid the full glory of immortal light,

And in the sweet embrace of Angels rest.



ON THE  
LOVE OF GOD.

A HYMN.

---

THOU God of everlasting love!

Thou great Incarnate Deity!

Cherubic choirs and saints above,

Derive their happiness from Thee.

Thy love is like Thy changeless name,

Incomprehensible—Unknown!

To all eternity the same,

Unshaken as Thy splendid Throne.

High as the starry throne of light,

Wide as infinity Thy love;

Deep as the great abyss of night,

And boundless as the realms above.

No finite mind can ever tell

The height, the depth of Love Divine;

For love immense, unspeakable,

And pure philanthropy are Thine.

E'en angel-minds with all their powers,

Thy unfathomable love can't sound;

'Tis this pure flame that kindles our's,

When in the chains of Satan bound.

Long as the tide of Ages roll,

Thy everlasting love shall stand;

And spread its waves from pole to pole,

Until it fills the thirsty land.

Thy kingdom over all shall reign,

Thou God of uncreated love;

Thy kingly power, Thou shalt maintain,

Enthron'd in majesty above.

## SONNET.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

---

SOLEMN is th' hour when all creation sleeps,  
 It seems as if old Chaos reign'd anew,  
 For nought but darkness falls upon my view;  
 'Till from some cloud-the straggling moon-beam peeps.  
 O'er Laura's grave the heartless lover weeps,  
 While pensive Silence sits upon her throne,  
 And murmuring night-winds sweep the plain and moan,  
 Then nestle in the windings of some Alpine steeps.  
 Hark! the hoarse Watchman cries the noon-night hour,  
 And viewless spectres throng the dusky air;  
 The Night-bird in yon low sequester'd tower,  
 Screams to the Moon in notes of wild despair,  
 While I sit musing, wrapt in sable night,  
 And hymn my orisons to the GREAT SOURCE OF LIGHT

ON THE  
PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

A HYMN.

---

ALL-GRACIOUS, Everlasting Lord !

I come Thy mighty name to praise ;  
Encouraged by Thy changeless word,  
To give to Thee my youthful days.

Thy hand divine, in all I see,  
And own the justice of Thy rod ;  
In kindness Thou chastisest me,  
To bring my wandering soul to God.

When cast upon the World's wide sea,  
Expos'd to ev'ry wind and wave,  
E'en then I found a friend, in Thee,  
Who sav'd me from a timeless grave.

When o'er my head the billows roll'd,  
And starless was the midnight sky,  
When far I wander'd from the fold,  
Thy Mercy cast a pitying eye.

Thy Providence was then my Guide,  
My Father and my faithful Friend,  
Who led me through the desert wild,  
And bade me on His love depend.

In sickness Thou didst make my bed,  
Thou great Physician of the soul ;  
At Thy command the fever fled ;  
Thy arm did ev'ry foe control.

All praise to Thy eternal name,  
 In earth, and skies, and heaven above ;  
 Angels Thy glory shall proclaim,  
 Thou God of pure, unchanging love.

MISFORTUNE.

---

THE bright rosy morn to our earth is returning,  
And Aurora unfolds the portals of day;  
Young Phœbus appears the fair King of the  
morning,  
And Night's sable clouds on the mountains decay.

All nature is gay and the young birds are singing,  
The meadows are green, and the valleys all  
bloom,  
The violet, and primrose, and cowslip, are springing,  
And the daisy that decks the Cottager's tomb.

All around the fond blessings of Heaven are streaming,  
And Contentment sits smiling on every face;  
But on ME the dark rays of Misfortune are beaming,  
And Envy, she flings the keen darts of disgrace.

Oft I watch the gay Linnet that warbles on high,  
And long for her wings to engage in the flight;  
While she pours forth her notes, I in ecstasy die,  
And languish away as I gaze on the sight.

O could I disguise the poignant anguish I feel!  
And heal up the wounds which Misfortune has made;  
O could I from the world all my sorrows conceal!  
And live quite secluded in some lonely glade.

On the dark cypress bough I will hang my faint lyre,  
Bid adieu to the Muses, to science and lore;  
On the breast of Complaisance my life shall expire,  
And sigh for those pleasures which now are no more!

April, 1827



ON THE  
HOLINESS OF GOD.  
A HYMN.

---

AGAIN would I attempt to sing  
Thy name and nature, God of Love !  
To Thee my feeble tribute bring,  
And join the seraph-hosts above.

I know I cannot, Lord, explain  
The nature of my spotless Sire ;  
The sacred doctrine I profane,  
E'en when I sweep my solemn lyre.

---

But oh ! instruct my falt'ring tongue,  
That I may sing Thy wond'rous name ;  
Inspire my consecrated song,  
And then I'll spread Thy deathless fame.

Thou art the Fountain of all bliss,  
The Source of all our joys below ;  
Thy goodness is that great abyss,  
From whence our sumless blessings flow.

Thou art the Fount of purity,  
Essence of holiness divine ;  
Infinite grace resides in Thee,  
Thou dost the Sons of Light outshine.

Thou art immaculate and pure,  
The viewless, undivided ONE ;  
Thy spotless nature shall endure,  
When earth and skies are "fled and gone."

---

**Thou Sov'reign, Universal King !**

**Thou Potentate of earth and skies !**

**To Thee the seraph-hosts shall sing,**

**When the whole earth in ruin lies.**

**To Thee they bring their choicest strains,**

**To Thee they tune th' Angelic lyre ;**

**And loud throughout Heav'n's starry plains,**

**Extol the great Eternal Sire !**

**Heaven is Thy everlasting Throne,**

**And Earth Thy lowly footstool Lord ;**

**Thy kingdom spreads from zone to zone,**

**Firm as a rock Thy changeless word.**

**Thou sittest in the realms above,**

**Encircled with immortal light,**

**Enthron'd in dignity and love,**

**And cloth'd in majesty and might !**

Thy crown is of the purest gold,  
    Unfading as Thy deathless name;  
Thy crystal Throne was built of gold,  
    To everlasting still the same.  
In Thy celestial diadem,  
    Mercy and Love, shine brightest there;  
While Grace and Truth, Thy sceptre gem,  
    Compassion fills the fragrant air.

Cherubim and Seraphim surround  
    The temple of the Mighty God,  
Amaz'd they fall upon the ground,  
    And tremble at Thy awful nod;  
And lo! each veils his sinless face  
    Behind his snowy, spreading wing;  
Loud they extol Thy matchless grace,  
    And Jesu's mighty conquests sing.

ON THE  
JUSTICE OF GOD.

A HYMN.

---

GREAT is the God that reigns on high,  
His frown is terrible as death;  
The Stygian host before Him fly,  
Parch'd by His anger's fiery breath.

His Holiness and Truth compel  
His arm to wield the glittering sword,  
To thrust His rebel foes to Hell,  
Who violate the sacred word.

His wrath is a consuming fire,  
A ceaseless, ever-during flame;  
And dreadful is His incens'd ire,  
To all who hate the Saviour's name.

Justice is His reluctant work ;  
 He loves to save a sinful race ;  
 The Pagan, Infidel, and Turk,  
 May all obtain His pardoning grace.

God can be just and gracious too,  
 For Christ the mighty debt hath paid :  
 The Gospel is the sacred clue,  
 And Faith the fair celestial Maid

That leads us to the realms above,  
 To glory and undying bliss ;  
 Where streams of pure perennial love,  
 For ever flow from Heaven's abyss.

Come then, ye sinners, and implore  
 Forgiveness of your injur'd Lord ;  
 His everlasting name, adore,  
 And Jesus will your faith reward.

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO A CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY.

---

Go, Herald of Salvation, Go !  
And Jesu's conquering grace proclaim ;  
    Where Pagan mists surround  
    The unprolific ground,  
Make known Jehovah's everlasting name.  
■

The deathless Rose of Sharon plant,  
And Jesus will the increase give.  
    His breath dispels the gloom,  
    He makes the wilds to bloom,  
And Afric's sable race through Him shall live.

Or go to Ind's barbaric shores,  
Where Slav'ry does her Sons enchain ;  
    Arouse the wily foe,  
    The Gospel-trumpet blow,  
And spread the great Messiah's glorious reign.

Go build Jerusalem again,  
Her fallen walls and gates restore ;  
    Let Palestina hear  
    The Gospel-charioteer,  
And bid proud Solyma's daughters weep no more.

Unfurl the Saviour's streaming flag,  
The conquests of your Captain tell ;  
    And shew what He has done,  
    What victories He won,  
To save us from the quenchless flames of Hell.



Wipe from the dark beclouded cheek,  
The trembling penitential tear;  
    Suppress the mournful sigh,  
    Illume the tearful eye,  
For soon the rising Day-Star will appear.

And bid the thirsty Sons of Grace,  
Behold the Fountain from above,  
    Open'd in Jesu's breast,  
    Where all the Israel rest,  
And prove the virtue of His bleeding love.

Go, Herald of Salvation, go!  
The peace-inspiring word proclaim;  
    Yon viewless City fair,  
    Hung in empyreal air,  
Shall echo with your ever-during fame.

---

## S P R I N G .

A SONNET.

---

MILD is the breath of sweet returning Spring,  
The dappled daisies on the mead appear;  
The Cuckoo hails the welcome new-born year,  
And all the feather'd choir to Flora sing.  
The laurel-wreath and fragrant garland bring,  
And crown Vertumnus with propitious love;  
While fitful sun-beams glisten from above,  
And smiling woodlands with wild music ring.  
Emblem of Heaven! thy rosy-bosom'd morn,  
Prophetic of a Spring that never ends,  
Where harmony with love and beauty blends,  
Invites my footsteps o'er the spangled lawn.  
Each lovely scene my fainting Muse inspires,  
And bids me sweep anew my harps soft-varying wires.

## S U M M E R .

A SONNET.

---

Soft blows the breeze athwart the dewy plain,  
The early Lark awakes her matin song,  
While o'er the smiling fields I muse along,  
Charm'd with her sweetly-varying strain.  
The breathless hind now toils in ceaseless pain,  
And burning Phœbus shoots his cloudless rays,  
Parching the earth with his ethereal blaze,  
While panting herds beneath his beams complain.  
How sweet the umbrage of some cooling shade,  
The fountain pure, and the embow'ring grove,  
'Tis sweet to wander in the myrtle-glade,  
Or in the depths of some lone wood to rove,  
With sweet Retirement, fair sequester'd Maid,  
The darling Nymph of all-inspiring Love.

## A U T U M N .

A SONNET.

---

Now the brown fields with golden beauty wave,  
The flowing harvest crowns the vernal year;  
Wak'd by the Huntsman's horn the beamy deer,  
Starts from the shade and meets a timely grave.  
Lo! on the yellow hills the lowing thrave,  
Unconscious of their fate carelessly feed;  
The fleecy flocks adorn the ample mead,  
And smiling Ceres does her sons enslave.  
Now, fair Pomona crown'd with tasteful fruit,  
Waves her bright sickle o'er the golden plain,  
And cheers my spirit with her sylvan lute;  
Her tuneful song and wild mellifluous strain;  
While o'er my Cottage sweeps th' Autumnal breeze,  
And shakes the foliage from the fading trees.

## W I N T E R .

A SONNET.

---

THE blust'ring wind now sweeps along the plain,  
And whistles in the lonely village tower ;  
The Robin shelters in the naked bower,  
And craves his morsel of the artless swain.  
Now descends the large impetuous rain,  
In rapid torrents from the black'ning skies ;  
The chilling dews from the cold earth arise,  
And spoil the pleasures of the sylvan reign.  
The fleecy snow, so delicately white,  
Fringes the leafless trees and clothes the ground,  
And hardy Frost, viewless as th' echo-sound,  
Congeals the earth with his resistless might :  
All nature mourns o'er the expiring year,  
'Till lovely Spring and smiling May appear.

---

HYMN OF PRAISE.

---


PARENT OF GOOD! Thy name we sing,  
And bow before Thy august Throne;  
To Thee our sacrifice we bring,  
Through HIM who did for us atone.  
Awake! awake! the living lyre,  
To praise the world's Primeval Sire.

The saints and all the hosts above,  
Extol Thy everlasting grace;  
They burn with pure seraphic love,  
When they behold the Saviour's face:  
From East to West, resounds Thy name,  
And Angels swell the loud acclaim!

The creatures, Lord, Thy hands have made,  
Show forth Thy power and kingly might;  
The desert wild, and verdant blade,  
The Sun that source of living light,  
The Moon, and all the Stars above  
Conspire to praise the God of Love.

O for some Seraph's golden lyre,  
To sound through earth and skies Thy praise,  
Loud would I sweep each varying wire,  
And sing Thy name in endless lays;  
Then would I join the angel-throng,  
And sing the never-ending song.

Let praise to Thy lov'd name be given,  
On earth, and in the realms above;  
While all the sanctities of Heaven,  
Extol Thy pure creative love:



All things that breathe, " Praise ye the Lord!"

Praise Him on earth with one accord.

Praise ye the Lord, ye hosts above,

Praise Him, ye Nations of the earth;

Praise ye, the Sire of endless love,

Praise Him in hymns of sacred mirth

Praise ye the Holy Triune Three,

Praise God to all Eternity!

THE END.

---

George May, Printer and Bookseller, Bridge-Street, Evesham.



\_\_\_\_\_

2

.

.

.



sr eff  
6/60

This book should be returned to  
the Library on or before the last date  
stamped below.

A fine is incurred by retaining it  
beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

18447.15.100

The sacred minstrel.

Widener Library

003640453



3 2044 086 791 001